her that is quaint, irregular, or out of the road of common sympathy. She 'holds Nature more clever.' I can pardon her blindness to the beautiful obliquities of the Religio Medici, but she must apologise to me for certain disrespectful insinuations, which she has been pleased to throw out latterly, touching the intellectuals of a dear favourite of mine, and of the last century but one—the thrice noble, chaste, and virtuous, but again somewhat fantastical and original brained, generous Margaret Newcastle.

It has been the lot of my cousin, oftener perhaps than I could have wished, to have had for her associates and mine, free-thinkers—leaders and disciples, of novel philosophies and systems; but she neither wrangles with, nor accepts, their opinions. That which was good and venerable to her, when a child, retains its authority over her mind still. She never juggles nor plays tricks with her understanding.

We are both of us inclined to be a little too positive; and I have observed the result of our disputes to be almost uniformly this—that in matters of fact, dates and circumstances, it turns out that I was in the right, and my cousin in the wrong. But where we have differed upon moral points, upon something proper to be done, or let alone; whatever heat of opposition or steadiness of conviction, I set out with, I am sure always, in the long run, to be brought over to her way of thinking.

I must touch upon the foibles of my kinswoman with a gentle hand, for Bridget does not like to be told of her faults. She hath an awkward trick (to say no worse of it) of reading in company: at which times she will answer yes or no to a question, without fully understanding its purport—which is provoking and derogatory in the

highest degree to the dignity of the putter of the said question. Her presence of mind is equal to the most pressing trials of life, but will sometimes desert her upon trifling occasions. When the purpose requires it, and is a thing of moment, she can speak to it greatly; but in matters which are not stuff of the conscience, she has been known sometimes to let slip a word less seasonably.

Her education in youth was not much attended to; and she happily missed all that train of female garniture which passeth by the name of accomplishments. She was tumbled early, by accident or design, into a spacious closet of good old English reading, without much selection or prohibition, and browsed at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage. Had I twenty girls, they should be brought up exactly in this fashion. I know not whether their chance in wedlock might not be diminished by it, but I can answer for it that it makes (if the worst comes to the worst) most incomparable old maids.

In a season of distress, she is the truest comforter; but in the teasing accidents and minor perplexities, which do not call out the will to meet them, some sometimes maketh matters worse by an excess of participation. If she does not always divide your trouble, upon the pleasanter occasions of life she is always sure to treble your satisfaction. She is excellent to be at a play with, or upon a visit; but best, when she goes a journey with you.

We made an excursion together a few summers since into Hertfordshire, to beat up the quarters of some of our less-known relations in that fine corn country.

The oldest thing I remember is Mackery End, or Mackarel End, as it is spelt, perhaps more properly, in

some old maps of Hertfordshire; a farm-house,—delightfully situated within a gentle walk from Wheathampstead. I can just remember having been there, on a visit to a great-aunt, when I saw a child under the care of Bridget, who, as I have said, is older than myself by some ten years. I wish that I could throw into a heap the remainder of our joint existences, that we might share them in equal divisions. But that is impossible. The house was at the time in the occupation of a substantial yeoman, who had married my grandmother's sister. His name was Gladman. My grandmother was a Bruton, married to a Field. The Gladmans and the Brutons are still flourishing in that part of the country, but the Fields are almost extinct. More than forty years had elapsed since the visit I speak of; and, for the greater portion of that period, we had lost sight of the other two branches also. Who or what sort of persons inherited Mackery End—kindred or strange folk—we were afraid almost to conjecture, but determined some day to explore.

By somewhat a circuitous route, taking the noble park at Luton in our way from St. Albans we arrived at the spot of our anxious curiosity about noon. The sight of the old farm-house, though every trace of it was effaced from my recollections, affected me with a pleasure which I had not experienced for many a year. For though I had forgotten it, we had never forgotten being there together, and we had been talking about Mackery End all our lives, till memory on my part became mocked with a phantom of itself, and I thought I knew the aspect of a place which when present, O how unlike it was to that which I had conjured up so many times instead of it!

Still the air breathed balmily about it; the season was the 'heart of June,' and I could say with the poet,

> 'But thou that didst appear so fair
> To fond imagination,
> Dost rival in the light of day
> Her delicate creation.'

Bridget's was more a waking bliss than mine, for she easily remembered her old acquaintance again—some altered features, of course, a little grudged at. At first, indeed, she was ready to disbelieve for joy; but the scene soon re-confirmed itself in her affections—and she traversed every outpost of the old mansion, to the wood-house, the orchard, the place where the pigeon-house had stood (house and birds were alike flown)—with a breathless impatience of recognition, which was more pardonable perhaps than decorous at the age of fifty odd. But Bridget in some things is behind her years.

The only thing left was to get into the house—and that was a difficulty which to me singly would have been insurmountable; for I am terribly shy in making myself known to strangers and out-of-date kinsfolk. Love, stronger than scruple, winged my cousin in without me; but she soon returned with a creature that might have sat to a sculptor for the image of welcome. It was the youngest of the Gladmans, who, by marriage with a Bruton, had become mistress of the old mansion. A comely brood are the Brutons. Six of them, females, were noted as the handsomest young women in the country. But this adopted Bruton, in my mind, was better than they all—more comely. She was born too late to have remembered me. She just recollected in early life to have had her cousin Bridget once pointed out to her, climbing a stile. But the name of kindred and of cousinship was

enough. Those slender ties, that prove slight as a gossamer in the rending atmosphere of a metropolis, bind faster, as we found it, in hearty, homely, loving Hertfordshire. In five minutes we were as thoroughly acquainted as if we had been born and bred up together; were familiar, even to the calling of each other by our Christian names. So Christians should call one another. To have seen Bridget and her—it was like the meeting of the two scriptural cousins! There was a grace and dignity, an amplitude of form and stature, answering to her mind, in this farmer's wife, which would have shined in a palace—or so we thought it. We were made welcome by husband and wife equally—we, and our friend that was with us—I had almost forgotten him—but B. F. will not so soon forget that meeting, if peradventure he shall read this on the far distant shores where the kangaroo haunts. The fatted calf was made ready, or rather was ready. So, as if in anticipation of our coming, and, after an appropriate glass of native wine, never let me forget with what honest pride this hospitable cousin made us proceed to Wheathampstead, to introduce us (as some new-found rarity) to her mother and sister Gladmans, who did indeed know something more of us, at a time when she almost knew nothing.—With what corresponding kindness we were received by them also—how Bridget's memory, exalted by the occasion, warmed into a thousand half-obliterated recollections of things and persons, to my utter astonishment, and her own—and to the astonishment of B. F. who sat by, almost the only thing that was not a cousin there,—old effaced images of more than half-forgotten names and circumstances still crowding back upon her, as words written in lemon came out upon exposure to a friendly warmth,—when I forget all this, then may my

SELECTED ENGLISH PROSE

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country cousins forget me, and Bridget no more remember, that in the days of weakling infancy I was her tender charge—as I have been her care in foolish manhood since—in those pretty pastoral walks, long ago, about Mackery End in Hertfordshire.

Charles Lamb.

IV

THE FIGHT

The day was fine for a December morning. The grass was wet, and the ground miry, and ploughed up with multitudinous feet, except that, within the ring itself, there was a spot of virgin green closed in and unprofaned by vulgar tread, that shone with dazzling brightness in the mid-day sun. For it was now noon, and we had an hour to wait. This is the trying time. It is then the heart sickens, as you think what the two champions are about, and how short a time will determine their fate. After the first blow is struck, there is no opportunity for nervous apprehensions; you are swallowed up in the immediate interest of the scene—but

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream.

I found it so as I felt the sun's rays clinging to my back, and saw the white wintry clouds sink below the verge of the horizon. 'So I thought, my fairest hopes have faded from my sight!—So will the Gas-man's glory, or that of his adversary, vanish in an hour.' The Swells were parading in their white box-coats, the outer ring was cleared with some bruises on the heads and shins of the rustic assembly (for the Cockneys had been distanced by the sixty-six miles); the time drew near, I had got a good stand; a bustle, a buzz, ran through the crowd, and from the *opposite side* entered Neate, between his second and bottle-holder. He rolled along, swathed in his loose great coat, his knock-knees bending

under his huge bulk; and, with a modest cheerful air, threw his hat into the ring. He then just looked round, and began quietly to undress; when from the other side there was a similar rush and an opening made, and the Gas-man came forward with a conscious air of anticipated triumph, too much like the cock-of-the walk. He strutted about more than became a hero, sucked oranges with a supercilious air, and threw away the skin with a toss of his head, and went up and looked at Neate, which was an act of supererogation. The only sensible thing he did was, as he strode away from the modern Ajax, to fling out his arms, as if he wanted to try whether they would do their work that day. By this time they had stripped, and presented a strong contrast in appearance. If Neate was like Ajax, with Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear the pugilistic reputation of all Bristol, Hickman might be compared to Diomed, light, vigorous, elastic, and his back glistened in the sun, as he moved about, like a panther's hide. There was now a dead pause—attention was awe-struck. Who at that moment, big with a great event, did not draw his breath short—did not feel his heart throb? All was ready. They tossed up for the sun, and the Gas-man won. They were led up to the scratch—shook hands, and went at it.

In the first round every one thought it was all over. After making play a short time, the Gas-man flew at his adversary like a tiger, struck five blows in as many seconds, three first, and then following him as he staggered back, two more, right and left, and down he fell, a mighty ruin. There was a shout, and I said, 'There is no standing this.' Neate seemed like a lifeless lump of flesh and bone, round which the Gas-man's blows played with the rapidity of electricity or lightning, and

you imagined he would only be lifted up to be knocked down again. It was as if Hickman held a sword or a fire in that right hand of his, and directed it against an unarmed body. They met again, and Neate seemed, not cowed, but particularly cautious. I saw his teeth clenched together and his brows knit close against the sun. He held out both his arms at full length straight before him, like two sledge-hammers, and raised his left an inch or two higher. The Gas-man could not get over this guard—they struck mutually and fell, but without advantage on either side. It was the same in the next round; but the balance of power was thus restored—the fate of the battle was suspended. No one could tell how it would end. This was the only moment in which opinion was divided; for, in the next, the Gas-man *aiming* a mortal blow at his adversary's neck, with his right hand, and failing from the length he had to reach, the other returned it with his left at full swing, planted a tremendous blow on his cheek-bone and eyebrow, and made a red ruin of that side of his face. The Gas-man went down, and there was another shout—a roar of triumph as the waves of fortune rolled tumultuously from side to side. This was a settler. Hickman got up, and 'grinned horrible a ghastly smile,' yet he was evidently dashed in his opinion of himself; it was the first time he had ever been so punished; all one side of his face was perfect scarlet, and his right eye was closed in dingy blackness, as he advanced to the fight, less confident, but still determined. After one or two rounds, not receiving another such remembrancer, he rallied and went at it with his former impetuosity. But in vain. His strength had been weakened,—his blows could not tell at such a distance,—he was obliged to fling himself at his adversary, and could not strike from his feet; and almost as

regularly as he flew at him with his right hand, Neate warded the blow, or drew back out of its reach, and felled him with the return of his left. There was little cautious sparring—no half-hits—no tapping and trifling, none of the petit-maitreship of the art—they were almost all knock-down blows: the fight was a good stand-up fight. The wonder was the half-minute time. If there had been a minute or more allowed between each round, it would have been intelligible how they should by degrees recover strength and resolution; but to see two men smashed to the ground, smeared with gore, stunned, senseless, the breath beaten out of their bodies; and then, before you recover from the shock, to see them rise up with new strength and courage, stand steady to inflict or receive mortal offence, and rush upon each other 'like two clouds over the Caspian'—this is the most astonishing thing of all: this is the high and heroic state of man! From this time forward the event became more certain every round; and about the twelfth it seemed as if it must have been over. Hickman generally stood with his back to me; but in the scuffle, he had changed positions, and Neate just then made a tremendous lunge at him, and hit him full in the face. It was doubtful whether he would fall backwards or forwards; he hung suspended for a second, or two, and then fell back, throwing his hands in the air, and with his face lifted up to the sky. I never saw anything more terrific than his aspect just before he fell. All traces of life, of natural expression, were gone from him. His face was like a human skull, a death's head, spouting blood. The eyes were filled with blood, the nose streamed with blood, the mouth gaped blood. He was not like an actual man, but like a preternatural, spectral appearance, or like one of the figures in Dante's Inferno. Yet he fought on after this

for several rounds, still striking the first desperate blow, and Neate standing on the defensive, and using the same cautious guard to the last, as if he had still all his work to do; and it was not till the Gas-man was so stunned in the seventeenth or eighteenth round, that his senses forsook him, and he could not come to time, that the battle was declared over. Ye who despise the fancy, do something to shew as much pluck, or as much self-possession as this, before you assume a superiority which you have never given a single proof of by any one action in the whole course of your lives!—when the Gas-man came to himself, the first words he uttered were, 'where am I? what is the matter?' 'Nothing is the matter, Tom,—you have lost the battle, but you are the bravest man alive.' And Jackson whispered to him, 'I am collecting a purse for you, Tom'—vain sounds, and unheard at that moment! Neate instantly went up and shook him cordially by the hand, and seeing some old acquaintance, began to flourish with his fists, calling out, 'Ah you always said I couldn't fight—what do you think now?' But all in good humour, and without any appearance of arrogance; only it was evident Bill Neate was pleased that he had won the fight. When it was over, I asked Cribb if he did not think it was a good one? He said, 'Pretty well!' The carrier-pigeons now mounted into the air, and one of them flew with the news of her husband's victory to the bosom of Mrs. Neate. Alas, for Mrs. Hickman!

William Hazlitt.

V

OF SILVER PAPER

Opening a new box of cigarettes this morning, I came upon the usual piece of silver paper. But I did not as usual disregard it, but held it in my hand, examining it in a kind of wonder for some minutes, and asking myself why such beautiful stuff should be at the disposal of tobacconists in such profusion, how it was made, how it could be so cheap, and so forth. And I then shed some dozens of years from my shoulders by wrapping a penny in it, by infinite smoothings with the back of a finger-nail, transmuting that coin into a lustrous half-crown—as I used to do when the world was young and silver paper a treasured rarity. And, having finished playing with it, I came back to the question, How is silver paper made? and from that to the question, How are most things made? and so to a state of stupor occasioned by the realisation of my abysmal ignorance. For I have no notion how silver paper is made, and I am sufficiently bold and sceptical to doubt too if the Swiss Family Robinson could have made it, to save their lives.

What would one first look for if one were told, out of a clear sky, to make some silver paper? Obviously not paper, for there is no paper about it; and obviously not silver, for if silver came into its preparation tobacconists and chocolate manufacturers could not throw it about as they do. Thus it is borne in upon me, and I recognise the verity with profound sadness, that, heir of the ages as I am, I am as ignorant of the making of silver paper as though I were a South Sea Savage. Not only am I at a loss as to its preparation, but also as to what kind of

ople make it; where their factories are; what they call emselves. It may be a by-product of something else, may be a business alone. Boys at Eton may be the ons of silver-paper makers or they may not. I don't now, nor do I know whether they would mention the ource of their fathers' wealth or conceal it.

And I am equally ignorant as to the origin of thousands of other things which I fancy one ought to know. Looking round the room, my eyes alight on one thing after another. Colour printing, for example—how would one, *ab initio*, set about that? An ordinary printing press I could see myself laboriously building up, with some rude success; but how do they take a Royal Academy picture as that one on the wall above me, and translate it into mechanical reproduction. I have no notion beyond the vaguest. I know that photography comes in, and that three colours provide all the necessary tints and gradations; but how, I know not. And glass? What is the first step in the making of glass—that most mysterious of all substances: a great sheet of hard nothingness through which at this moment I watch a regiment of soldiers marching by? Could Robinson Crusoe have had glass? I feel convinced that he could not. Pens and ink, yes; and some substitute for paper (so long as it was not silver paper), yes; but never glass. Even such an ordinary matter as soap baffles me. I know that fat goes to its making, but I know also that, normally, fat rubbed on the hands makes them not clean but peculiarly beastly. How, then, does soap get its cleansing properties? I have no notion. And I am considered by those who meet me as not wholly an uninstructed man.

I look through my pockets. Money—yes, one coul make some kind of an attempt at money, if one coul

get metal. A pencil?—yes, that is just black lead cut into a strip and enclosed in wood: easy. A knife?—not so simple, but obviously possible, because all castaways make things to cut with. Even, however, if I could not make these things, I know where they are made, and more or less how they are made. There are books to tell me this. What no book knows anything about is silver paper. Not even those friends of the ignorant, the encyclopaedists, help me. Their books lie before me, but all their million pages are silent as to silver paper; or if they do mention it, they carefully abstain from associating the information either with "paper" or "silver."

Did I, I ask myself, merely go to the wrong school, or are all schools equally taciturn about this kind of thing? There should be special classes for potential castaways. *In fact, all education that does not fit* scholars to be, one day, marooned, is defective: I would go as far as to say that the height of mountains, the intricacies of algebra, the length of rivers, the dates of kings, matter nothing. But it does matter that one should know something about the ordinary daily things of life, their constituents and manufacture. Suppose the Government appointed me—as—after all the books I have written with their show of information—as it might easily do, at, of course, an insufficient wage—to be the companion of some gentle inquisitive barbarian visiting these shores—some new Prince Lee Boo—A nice kind of idiot I should look when he began to fire his questions at me! And silver paper is precisely the kind of glittering attractive stuff with which he would begin.

E. V. Lucas.

VI

THE NEW CAT

Cats are the enemies of conversation. I have a friend who, after an absence of many years, has lately settled down in London, with a wife, a cat and a garden. Owing to the cat, I doubt if our friendship can continue. I called to see him and was shown into the garden, where he and his wife were sitting in deck chairs. How many things there were that I wished to talk to him about! How happily I looked forward to hearing the names of old friends and old places on his lips and to telling him all the news of the deaths and divorces that had taken place since he had been lost to civilisation in Buenos Aires! I even looked forward to meeting his wife, though I do not on the whole like my friends to marry. We had hardly shaken hands and sat down, however, when he glanced at his wife with a look of alarm and said, "where's Oliver Cromwell?" His wife looked round the garden apprehensively and began calling, "Olly! Olly! Olly!" and, when there was no answer, said: "where can he have gone?" Then followed an excited dialogue of this kind: "He can't have got through the fence into the next garden." "I saw him only a minute ago." "Perhaps he's in the ash. He was up there when I came out this morning, and I had to fetch the ladder to bring him down." "Olly, Olly, Olly!" (in a woman's voice). "Oliver Cromwell! Oliver Cromwell!" (in a man's shout). "Oh, there he is coming out of the lupin!" "Naughty Oliver Cromwell, where have you been?" "Puss, puss, puss, puss, puss!" "Where's the ball, Stella? Here you are, Oliver, here's something to play with. You

mustn't interrupt the conversation, you know," and he rolled the ball gently over the grass. The kitten watched it, fascinated. It flattened itself on the grass, stretched out its neck, cocked its ears, stared with wide eyes, and moved its tail in cruel anticipation. Then it dashed towards the ball, and, just as it reached it, made a sideways spring with arched back and avoided it, and sat down and began to lick its right foreleg from the knee downwards, as though it had forgotten all about the ball. "Well," said my friend with self-satisfaction, "what do you think of Oliver Cromwell? Isn't he a beauty?" I agreed that he was. "Look, look," his wife interrupted us, and, as the kitten began to flatten himself into position for another rush at the ball, she gurgled as if to herself: "Oh, he was such a darling! He was such a darling!" This time the kitten did leap on to the ball, caught it in its front paws, lifted it in the air, turned a back somersault with it, rolled on the grass, and then, as if in error, fled for all it was worth into the Solomon's Seal in the flower border, and, hidden among the stalks, looked out on its late prey, like a tiger concealing itself in the jungle. These evolutions were received by my friend and my friend's wife with shouts of laughter. My friend said that they ought really to have called the kitten Cinquevalli. The way it juggled with the ball, he declared, was simply wonderful. "It was such a clever little cat," his wife began to talk to herself again; "much cleverer than Cinquevalli, Oh, much cleverer," she declared, reaching out her hand and taking the kitten into her lap. As she stroked it, it padded up and down with its paws on her dress, arched its back at every stroke of her hand, and purred. My friend watched it in a state of fatuous and happy idolatry. I half-expected him and his wife to begin purring at any moment, too. It was

obvious that the purring of the kitten had a hypnotic effect on them, and I doubt if either of them remembered that I was present.

A housemaid came out with the tea-things, and she too, when she had put the tray down, looked at the kitten with fatuous and idolatrous eyes. It seemed to be with difficulty that she tore herself away eventually, and, even when she reached the house, she looked back as if she could scarcely bear to leave the wonderful presence. "You remember Jack Robinson's cats?" I said to my friend as a way of getting back to normal conversation, so that I could ask him whether he had heard of poor Jack's death in a yachting accident. "I hope," said his wife, "that you are not going to pretend that anybody ever had such a perfectly wonderful cat as Oliver Cromwell. Because," she added, rubbing the kitten under the chin, "we simply don't believe it. Isn't that so, Oliver?" "Poor old Jack," I began again "—" "I never understood his passion for cats," said my friend, "— at least, not till we got this little beast." "You mustn't call Oliver Cromwell a little beast," protested hi[s] wife. "You heard about Jack's death?" I said. "Jac[k] dead! No. How? Look out!" he roared, as the kitte[n] sprang from his wife's lap and made after a bee across th[e] grass. "I always thought kittens had more sense tha[n] to chase bees. He'll get stung some day. Poor o[ld] Jack!" as the bee—and the kitten—escaped; "this is t[he] first I heard of it." I told him how the accident h[ad] taken place—how Jack had been knocked overboa[rd,] apparently stunned, for he had sunk like a stone. [His] wife, I presume, was not listening, for, as at the en[d of] my story he and I were sunk in a momentary silence, [she] broke in with: "I declare he's caught a bee this t[ime!] Poor little pet! Poor, silly little pet!" she cried, hurr[...]

over and fondling the kitten where it was feeling its lower lip with its ankle as if it had been stung. My friend went over and joined her and said, "Let's see if we can see the sting. Perhaps we can pull it out." But just then the kitten saw a cabbage-white butterfly and dashed off out of their hands in pursuit. They laughed delightedly. "I don't believe he was stung at all," said my friend. "Poor old Jack! It's hard to imagine him dead. You remember the day he and Bobbie Stone swam out to the skerries? What happened to Bobbie?" "He was murdered," I told him, "during a row in India." "Good God!" said my friend. "Olly! Olly! Olly!" called his wife excitedly. "Oh, do go and catch him, Tom, or he'll be into the next garden." Tom rose and bolted across the grass, and was just in time to seize Oliver Cromwell as he had got his head through a hole in the fence. He brought him back and put him into his wife's lap. "Poor old Bobbie!" he said, obviously moved. "It's extraordinary that no one ever wrote to tell me. I often wondered what had become of him. He seemed such a splendid chap at school." His wife, too, was evidently awed as even strangers are on hearing of a tragedy. "Was he a great friend of yours, Tom?" she asked gently. "He was, at school," said Tom. "After that we didn't see much of each other." "He was the best all-round scholar and athlete of his year," I told her. "What a terrible thing to happen to him," she said, stroking the kitten. It saw a fly buzzing round her head, climbed up her shoulder in pursuit, and walked round the back of her neck. "Do rescue me, Tom," she cried. "He's got his claws in my neck." Tom seized the kitten by the scruff of the neck, held it up and looked at it reproachfully, and said: "Now look here, old chap, go and play with your ball and leave us in peace for a few

minutes. I told you you mustn't interrupt the conversation."

But what cat ever cared what anybody told it? I did succeed in the course of the afternoon in telling Tom how one friend had become a County Court Judge, and another a doctor, and how another was making a fortune as a journalist in America. But I did it to a constant accompaniment of "Pussy, pussy, pussy!" "Olly, Olly, Olly!" "He's rolling on the nemophila. Go and take him off, Tom," "I do love a cat when its tail stands up like a note of interrogation," "Naughty Oliver Cromwell! you mustn't try to catch sparrows," that made me feel as exhausted as if I had been shouting for hours to a deaf man in a gale. "Come again soon," said my friend's wife, as we shook hands. "Mind, we expect you every Sunday," said Tom heartily. "Come back, Oliver Cromwell," his wife's voice reached us as we disappeared. "Take care that he doesn't get out of the front door, Tom."

I am myself an admirer of cats, but I do not like them as part of a conversation. I do not think that cats should be spoken to in the presence of visitors. They should be seen and not talked about. Whether I shall be able to live up to these principles, however, now that a perfectly wonderful kitten has come to live in my house, I do not know. It is so charming, so fearless, so restless, so playful. There were already two small black cats in the house. One of them was a stray, given to us by the butcher. Its ears are three times the ordinary size, and it has a tail like a rat, so that one does not draw the attention of visitors to it, but it is so gentle, so free from malice—except against birds and insects—that one cannot help liking it. The other, Mrs. Blacktoes, is very beautiful and very cross. She came into the house one night

when we were calling Felix, and she has stayed ever since. But she never purrs except at meal-times, and she growls and runs away if you attempt to stroke her. She must have come from a home, I imagine, where no one ever touched her except to pull her tail. But as for the new kitten, Tiger, with his striped body and his white dickie, he is so light as he feels his way about the new world, testing every inch as he advances with his featherweight of a paw, that he seems no more substantial than a thistledown. It is impossible, to look at a book while he is in the room. What chair does he not investigate? How inquisitively he examines the bookshelves, cautiously pressing himself into every vacant space! How he dances after the moths on his hind legs in the evening! How happily he plays by the hour with the ball of paper that swings like a pendulum on a string and fights it and bites it. He jumps on to the chair and studies the knot by which it is tied. He lies on his back on the floor and kicks the ball of paper. He sits down and taps it like a tennis-ball with his paw as it passes. He goes to a distance and pounces on it. He seizes it and rolls about like a footballer. I think I shall invite Tom and his wife to come and see me, while Tiger is still a novelty. It would be a punishment, and, until I have punished them, I doubt if I shall be able to forgive them.

Robert Lynd.

VII

CRUSOE VISITS THE WRECK

When I came down from my apartment in the tree I looked about me again, and the first thing I found was the boat, which lay as the wind and the sea had tossed her up upon the land, about two miles on my right hand. I walked as far as I could upon the shore to have got to her, but found a neck or inlet of water between me and the boat, which was about half a mile broad; so I came back for the present, being more intent upon getting at the ship, where I hoped to find something for my present subsistence.

A little after noon I found the sea very calm, and the tide ebbed so far out, that I could come within a quarter of a mile of the ship; and here I found a fresh renewing of my grief, for I saw evidently, that if we had kept on board we had been all safe, that is to say, we had all got safe on shore, and I had not been so miserable as to be left entirely destitute of all comfort and company, as I now was. This forced tears from my eyes again; but as there was little relief in that, I resolved, if possible, to get to the ship; so I pulled off my clothes, for the weather was hot to extremity, and took the water. But when I came to the ship, my difficulty was still greater to know how to get on board; for as she lay aground, and high out of the water, there was nothing within my reach to lay hold of. I swam round her twice, and the second time I spied a small piece of a rope, which I wondered I did not see at first, hang down by the fore-chains so low, as that with great difficulty I got hold of it, and by the help of the rope got up into the forecastle of the ship.

Here I found that the ship was bulged, and had a great deal of water in her hold, but that she lay so on the side of a back of hard sand, or rather earth, that her stern lay lifted up upon the bank, and her head low almost to the water. By this means all her quarter was free, and all that was in that part was dry; for you may be sure my first work was to search and to see what was spoiled and what was free. And first I found that all the ship's provisions were dry and untouched by the water; and being very well disposed to eat, I went to the bread-room and filled my pockets with biscuit, and ate it as I went about other things, for I had no time to lose. I also found some rum in the great cabin, of which I took a large dram, and which I had indeed need enough of to spirit me for what was before me. Now I wanted nothing but a boat, to furnish myself with many things which I foresaw would be very necessary to me.

It was in vain to sit still and wish for what was not to be had, and this extremity roused my application. We had several spare yards, and two or three large spars of wood, and a spare top-mast or two in the ship. I resolved to fall to work with these, and flung as many of them overboard as I could manage for their weight, tying every one with a rope, that they might not drive away. When this was done I went down the ship's side, and, pulling them to me, I tied four of them fast together at both ends as well as I could, in the form of a raft; and laying two or three short pieces of plank upon them crossways, I found I could walk upon it very well, but that it was not able to bear any great weight, the pieces being too light. So I went to work, and with the carpenter's saw I cut a spare top-mast into three lengths, and added them to my raft, with a great deal of labour and pains; but hope of furnishing myself with necessaries encouraged

me to go beyond what I should have been able to have done upon another occasion.

My raft was now strong enough to bear any reasonable weight. My next care was what to load it with, and how to preserve what I laid upon it from the surf of the sea; but I was not long considering this. I first laid all the planks or boards upon it that I could get, and having considered well what I most wanted, I first got three of the seamen's chests, which I had broken open and emptied, and lowered them down upon my raft. The first of these I filled with provisions, bread, rice, three Dutch cheeses, five pieces of dried goat's flesh, which we lived much upon, and a little remainder of European corn, which had been laid by for some fowls which we brought to sea with us, but the fowls were killed. There had been some barley and wheat together, but, to my great disappointment, I found afterwards that the rats had eaten or spoiled it all. As for liquors, I found several cases of bottles belonging to our skipper, in which were some cordial waters, and, in all, about five or six gallons of rack. These I stowed by themselves, there being no need to put them into the chest, nor no room for them. While I was doing this, I found the tide began to flow, though very calm, and I had the mortification to see my coat, shirt, and waistcoat, which I had left on shore upon the sand, swim away; as for my breeches, which were only linen, and open-kneed, I swam on board in them, and my stockings. However, this put me upon rummaging for clothes, of which I found enough, but took no more than I wanted for present use; for I had other things which my eye was more upon, as first tools to work with on shore; and it was after long searching that I found out the carpenter's chest, which was indeed a very useful prize to me, and much more valuable than a ship-

loading of gold would have been at that time. I got it down to my raft, even whole as it was, without losing time to look into it, for I knew in general what it contained.

My next care was for some ammunition and arms; there were two very good fowling-pieces in the great cabin, and two pistols; these I secured first, with some powder-horns, and a small bag of shot, and two old rusty swords. I knew there were three barrels of powder in the ship, but knew not where our gunner had stowed them; but with much search I found them, two of them dry and good, the third had taken water; those two I got to my raft with the arms. And now I thought myself pretty well freighted, and began to think how I should get to shore with them, having neither sail, oar, or rudder; and the least capful of wind would have overset all my navigation. And thus, having found two or three broken oars belonging to the boat, and besides the tools which were in the chest, I found two saws, an axe, and a hammer, and with this cargo I put to sea. For a mile or thereabouts my raft went very well, only that I found it drive a little distant from the place where I had landed before, by which I perceived that there was some indraft of the water, and consequently I hoped to find some creek or river there, which I might make use of as a port to get to land with my cargo.

As I imagined, so it was; there appeared before me a little opening of the land, and I found a strong current of the tide set into it, so I guided my raft as well as I could to keep in the middle of the stream.

At length I spied a little cove on the right shore of the creek, to which, with great pain and difficulty, I guided my raft, and at last got so near, as that, reaching ground with my oar, I could thrust her directly in; but here I

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PREFACE

This book has been edited for the use of students of the higher Secondary and Intermediate classes, and its editors believe that it will provide a delightful browse to the readers for whom it has been compiled.

The main justification for editing this book has been that it includes an extraordinary range of subject-matter, as well as a large variety of form. In the opinion of the editors such a selection has not been offered to the students before. The passages are interesting in themselves and are also models of English prose, selected from the great classics as well as modern English.

This selection, it is hoped, will stimulate the interest of the students, and they will in their leisure read more English prose, for English prose in its range and variety can be a source of everlasting pleasure.

The notes are brief, mainly of a biographical nature.

U. B.
W. A. W. J.

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had like to have dipped all my cargo in the sea again; for that shore lying pretty steep, that is to say, sloping, there was no place to land but where one end of my float, if it run on shore, would lie so high and the other sink lower, as before, that it would endanger my cargo again. All that I could do was to wait till the tide was at the highest, keeping the raft with my oar like an anchor to hold the side of it fast to the shore, near a flat piece of ground, which I expected the water would flow over; and so it did. As soon as I found water enough, for my raft drew about a foot of water, I thrust her on upon that flat piece of ground, and there fastened or moored her by sticking my two broken oars into the ground; one on one side near one end, and one on the other side near the other end; and thus I lay till the water ebbed away, and left my raft and all my cargo safe on shore.

My next work was to view the country and seek a proper place for my habitation, and where to stow my goods to secure them from whatever might happen. Where I was, I yet knew not; whether on the continent, or on an island; whether inhabited, or not inhabited; whether in danger of wild beasts, or not. There was a hill, not above a mile from me, which rose up very steep and high, and which seemed to overtop some other hills, which lay as in a ridge from it, northward. I took out one of the fowling-pieces and one of the pistols, and a horn of powder; and thus armed, I travelled for discovery up to the top of that hill, where, after I had with great labour and difficulty got to the top, I saw my fate to my great affliction, that I was in an island environed every way with the sea, no land to be seen, except some rocks which lay a great way off, and two small islands less than this, which lay about three leagues to the west.

I found also that the island I was in was barren, and, as I saw good reason to believe, uninhabited, except by wild beasts, of whom, however, I saw none; yet I saw abundance of fowls, but knew not their kinds; neither, when I killed them, could I tell what was fit for food, and what not. At my coming back, I shot at a great bird which I saw sitting upon a tree on the side of a great wood. I believe, it was the first gun that had been fired there since the creation of the world. I had no sooner fired, but from all the parts of the wood there arose an innumerable number of fowls of many sorts, making a confused screaming, and crying every one according to his usual note; but not one of them of any kind that I knew. As for the creature I killed, I took it to be a kind of a hawk, its colour and beak resembling it, but had no talons or claws more than common; its flesh was carrion, and fit for nothing.

Contented with this discovery, I came back to my raft, and fell to work to bring my cargo on shore, which took me up the rest of that day; and what to do with myself at night, I knew not, nor indeed where to rest; for I was afraid to lie down on the ground, not knowing but some wild beast might devour me, though, as I afterwards found, there was really no need for those fears. However, as well as I could, I barricaded myself round with the chests and boards that I had brought on shore, and made a kind of a hut for that night's lodging; as for food, I yet saw not which way to supply myself, except that I had seen two or three creatures like hares run out of the wood where I shot the fowl.

I now began to consider, that I might yet get a great many things out of the ship, which would be useful to me, and particularly some of the rigging and sails, and such other things as might come to land; and I resolved

to make another voyage on board the vessel, if possible. And as I knew that the first storm that blew must necessarily break her all in pieces, I resolved to set all other things apart till I got everything out of the ship that I could get. Then I called a council, that is to say, in my thoughts, whether I should take back the raft, but this appeared impracticable; so I resolved to go as before, when the tide was down; and I did so, only that I stripped before I went from my hut, having nothing on but a chequered shirt and a pair of linen drawers, and a pair of pumps on my feet.

I got on board the ship as before, and prepared a second raft, and having had experience of the first, I neither made this so unwieldly, nor loaded it so hard; but yet I brought away several things very useful to me; as, first, in the carpenter's stores I found two or three bags full of nails and spikes, a great screw-jack, a dozen or two of hatchets, and above all, that most useful thing called a grindstone. All these I secured, together with several things belonging to the gunner, particularly two or three iron crows and two barrels of musket bullets, seven muskets, and another fowling-piece, with some small quantity of powder more; a large bag full of small-shot, and a great roll of sheet lead; but this last was so heavy, I could not hoist it up to get it over the ship's side. Besides these things, I took all the men's clothes that I could find, and a spare fore-top sail, a hammock, and some bedding; and with this I loaded my second raft, and brought them all safe on shore to my very great comfort.

I was under some apprehensions during my absence from the land, that at least my provisions might be devoured on shore; but when I came back, I found no sign of any visitor, only there sat a creature like a wild

cat upon one of the chests, which, when I came towards it, ran away a little distance, and then stood still. She sat very composed and unconcerned, and looked full in my face, as if she had a mind to be acquainted with me. I presented my gun at her; but as she did not understand it, she was perfectly unconcerned at it, nor did she offer to stir away; upon which I tossed her a bit of biscuit, though, by the way, I was not very free of it, for my store was not great. However, I spared her a bit, I say, and she went to it, smelled of it, and ate it, and looked (as pleased) for more; but I thanked her, and could spare no more, so she marched off.

Having got my second cargo on shore, though I was fain to open the barrels of powder and bring them by parcels, for they were too heavy, being large casks, I went to work to make me a little tent with the sail and some poles which I cut for that purpose; and into this tent I brought everything that I knew would spoil either with rain or sun; and I piled all the empty chests and casks up in a circle round the tent, to fortify it from any sudden attempt, either from man or beast.

When I had done this I blocked up the door of the tent with some boards within, and an empty chest set up on end without; and spreading one of the beds upon the ground, laying my two pistols just at my head, and my gun at length by me, I went to bed for the first time, and slept very quietly all night, for I was very weary and heavy; for the night before I had slept little, and had laboured very hard all day, as well to fetch all those things from the ship, as to get them on shore.

I had the biggest magazine of all kinds now that ever was laid up, I believe, for one man; but I was not satisfied still, for while the ship sat upright in that posture, I thought I ought to get everything out of her that I could.

ery day at low water I went on board, and brought something or other; but, particularly, the third I went I brought away as much of the rigging as ould, as also all the small ropes and rope-twine I could , with a piece of spare canvas, which was to mend the ils upon occasion, the barrel of wet gunpowder; in a ord, I brought away all the sails first and last, only that was fain to cut them in pieces, and bring as much at a time as I could; for they were no more useful to be sails, but as mere canvas only.

But that which comforted me more still was, that at last of all, after I had made five or six voyages as these, and thought I had nothing more to expect from the ship that was worth my meddling with; I say, after all this, I found a great hogshead of bread, and three large runlets of rum or spirits, and a box of sugar, and a barrel of fine flour; this was surprising to me, because I had given ove expecting any more provisions, except what was spoilt b the water. I soon emptied the hogshead of that brea and wrapped it up parcel by parcel in pieces of the sa which I cut out; and, in a word, I got all this safe shore also.

The next day I made another voyage. And having plundered the ship of what was portable a to hand out, I began with the cables; and cuttin great cable into pieces, such as I could move, I g cables and a hawser on shore, with all the iron- could get; and having cut down the sprit-sail-ya the mizzen-yard, and everything I could to make raft, I loaded it with all those heavy goods, a away. But my good luck began now to leave this raft was so unwieldy, and so overladen, t was entered the little cove where I had land of my goods, not being able to guide it so h

did the other, it overset, and threw me and all my cargo into the water. As for myself, it was no great harm, for I was near the shore; but as to my cargo, it was great part of it lost, especially the iron, which I expected would have been of great use to me. However, when the tide was out I got most of the pieces of cable ashore, and some of the iron, though with infinite labour; for I was fain to dip for it into the water, a work which fatigued me very much. After this I went every day on board, and brought away what I could get.

I had been now thirteen days on shore, and had been eleven times on board the ship; in which time I had brought away all that one pair of hands could well be supposed capable to bring, though I believe verily, had the calm weather held, I should have brought away the whole ship piece by piece. But preparing the twelfth time to go on board, I found the wind begin to rise. However, at low water I went on board, and though I [illegible] as that [illegible] a locker with drawers in it, in one of which I found two or three razors, and one pair of large scissors, with some ten or a dozen of good knives and forks; in another, I found about thirty-six pounds value in money, some European coin, some Brazil, some pieces of eight, some gold, some silver.

I smiled to myself at the sight of this money. 'O drug!' said I aloud, 'what art thou good for? Thou art not worth to me, no, not the taking off of the ground; one of those knives is worth all this heap. I have no manner of use for thee; even remain where thou art, and go to the bottom as a creature whose life is not worth saving.' However, upon second thoughts, I took it away; and wrapping all this in a piece of canvas, I began to

think of making another raft; but while I was preparing this, I found the sky overcast, and the wind began to rise, and in a quarter of an hour it blew a fresh gale from the shore. It presently occurred to me that it was in vain to pretend to make a raft with the wind off shore, and that it was my business to be gone before the tide of flood began, otherwise I might not be able to reach the shore at all. Accordingly I let myself down into the water, and swam across the channel, which lay between the ship and the sands, and even that with difficulty enough, partly with the weight of the things I had about me, and partly the roughness of the water; for the wind rose very hastily, and before it was quite high water it blew a storm.

But I was gotten home to my little tent, where I lay with all my wealth about me very secure. It blew very hard all that night, and in the morning, when I looked out, behold, no more ship was to be seen. I was a little surprised, but recovered myself with this satisfactory reflection, that I had lost no time, nor abated no diligence, to get everything out of her that could be useful to me, and that indeed there was little left in her that I was able to bring away if I had had more time.

I now gave over any more thoughts of the ship, or of anything out of her, except what might drive on shore from her wreck, as indeed divers pieces of her afterwards did; but those things were of small use to me.

Daniel Defoe.

VIII

SOME ADVENTURES IN BROBDINGNAG

I should have lived happy enough in that country, if my littleness had not exposed me to several ridiculous and troublesome accidents, some of which I shall venture to relate. Glumdalclitch often carried me into the gardens of the court in my smaller box, and would sometimes take me out of it and hold me in her hand, or set me down to walk.

One day Glumdalclitch left me on a smooth grass-plot to divert myself while she walked at some distance with her governess. In the meantime there suddenly fell such a violent shower of hail, that I was immediately by the force of it struck to the ground: and when I was down, the hailstones gave me such cruel bangs all over the body, as if I had been pelted with tennis-balls; however I made a shift to creep on all fours, and shelter myself by lying flat on my face on the lee-side of a border of lemon thyme, but so bruised from head to foot that I could not go abroad in ten days. Neither is this at all to be wondered at, because nature in that country observing the same proportion through all her operations, a hailstone is near eighteen hundred times as large as one in Europe, which I can assert upon experience, having been so curious to weigh and measure them.

But a more dangerous accident happened to me in the same garden, when my little nurse believing she had put me in a secure place, which I often entreated her to do, that I might enjoy my own thoughts, and having left my box at home to avoid the trouble of carrying it, went to another part of the garden with her governess and some

adies of her acquaintance. While she was absent and out f hearing, a small white spaniel belonging to one of the hief gardeners, having got by accident into the garden, appened to range near the place where I lay. The dog ollowing the scent, came directly up, and taking me in is mouth, ran straight to his master, wagging his tail, nd set me gently on the ground. By good fortune he ad been so well taught, that I was carried between his eeth without the least hurt, or even tearing my clothes. But the poor gardener, who knew me well, and had a great kindness for me, was in a terrible fright. He gently ook me up in both his hands, and asked me how I did; out I was so amazed and out of breath, that I could not peak a word. In a few minutes I came to myself, and e carried me safe to my little nurse, who by this time ad returned to the place where she left me, and was in ruel agonies when I did not appear, nor answer when he called: she severely reprimanded the gardener on account of his dog. But the thing was hushed up, and never known at court; for the girl was afraid of the Queen's anger, and truly as to myself, I thought it would not be for my reputation that such a story should go about.

This accident absolutely determined Glumdalclitch never to trust me abroad for the future out of her sight. I had been long afraid of this resolution, and therefore concealed from her some little unlucky adventures that happened in those times when I was left by myself. Once a kite hovering over the garden made a stoop at me, and if I had not resolutely drawn my hanger, and run under a thick espalier, he would have certainly carried me away in his talons. Another time walking to the top of a fresh mole-hill, I fell to my neck in the hole through which that animal had cast up the earth, and coined some lie,

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The editors are indebted to the following for permission to reprint copyright material in this volume:

The Cambridge University Press for " A Preliminary Journey Through Space and Time " from *The Stars in their Courses* by Sir James Jeans; Messrs. Jonathan Cape, Ltd., and Mrs. W. H. Davies for " Childhood " from *An Autobiography of a Super Tramp* by W. H. Davies; Messrs. Jonathan Cape, Ltd., and the Trustees of the T. E. Lawrence Estate for " Feisal " from *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom* by T. E. Lawrence; Messrs. Chatto and Windus for " The Lady of Scutari " from *Eminent Victorians* by Lytton Strachey; Mrs. Lynd and Messrs. Methuen & Co., Ltd., for *The New Cat* by Robert Lynd; A. D. Peters for " The Birds' Place in Nature " from *Bird Watching and Bird Behaviour* by Julian Huxley, and for " Their First Success " from *The Good Companions* by J. B. Priestley; The Society of Authors and Mr. J. Middleton Murry for an extract from " The Doll's House " by Katherine Mansfield; the Executors and Messrs. Methuen & Co., Ltd., for the essay " Of Silver Paper " by E. V. Lucas; Nalanda Publications and Sir C. V. Raman for " Light and Colour in Nature "; The Navjivan Trust for " At School " from *An Autobiography* by Mahatma Gandhi; and to The Oxford University Press, Bombay, and Mr. K. P. S. Menon for " The Roof of the World " from *Delhi-Chungking.*

not worth remembering, to excuse myself for spoiling my clothes. I likewise broke my right shin against the shell of a snail, which I happened to stumble over, as I was walking alone, and thinking on poor England.

I cannot tell whether I were more pleased or mortified, to observe in those solitary walks that the smaller birds did not appear to be at all afraid of me but would hop about within a yard distance, looking for worms and other food with as much indifference and security as if no creature at all were near them. I remember a thrush had the confidence to snatch out of my hand with his bill a piece of cake that Glumdalclitch had just given me for my breakfast. When I attempted to catch any of these birds, they would boldly turn against me, endeavouring to pick my fingers, which I durst not venture within their reach; and then they would hop back unconcerned to hunt for worms or snails, as they did before. But one day I took a thick cudgel, and threw it with all my strength so luckily at a linnet that I knocked him down, and seizing him by the neck with both my hands, ran with him in triumph to my nurse.

However, the bird, who had only been stunned, recovering himself, gave me so many boxes with his wings on both sides of my head and body, though I held him at arm's length, and was out of the reach of his claws, that I was twenty times thinking to let him go. But I was soon relieved by one of our servants, who wrung off the bird's neck, and I had him next day for dinner, by the Queen's command. This linnet, as near as I can remember, seemed to be somewhat larger than an English swan.

The Queen, who often used to hear me talk of my sea-voyages, and took all occasions to divert me when I was melancholy, asked me whether I understood how to

handle a sail or an oar, and whether a little exercise of rowing might not be convenient for my health. I answered that I understood both very well. For although my proper employment had been to be surgeon or doctor to the ship, yet often, upon a pinch, I was forced to work like a common mariner. But I could not see how this could be done in their country, where the smallest wherry was equal to a first-rate man of war among us, and such a boat as I could manage would never live in any of their rivers. Her Majesty said, if I would contrive a boat, her own joiner should make it, and she would provide a place for me to sail in. The fellow was an ingenious workman, and by my instructions in ten days finished a pleasure-boat with all its tackling, able conveniently to hold eight Europeans. When it was finished, the Queen was so delighted, that she ran with it in her lap to the King, who ordered it to be put in a cistern full of water, with me in it, by way of trial; where I could not manage my two sculls, or little oars, for want of room. But the Queen had before contrived another project. She ordered the joiner to make a wooden trough of three hundred foot long, fifty broad, and eight deep; which being well pitched to prevent leaking, was placed on the floor along the wall, in an outer room of the palace. It had a cock near the bottom to let out the water when it began to grow stale, and two servants could easily fill it in half an hour. Here I often used to row for my own diversion, as well as that of the Queen and her ladies, who thought themselves well entertained with my skill and agility. Sometimes I would put up my sail, and then my business was only to steer, while the ladies gave me a gale with their fans; and when they were weary, some of the pages would blow my sail forward with their breath, while I showed my art by steering starboard or larboard as I

pleased. When I had done, Glumdalclitch always carried my boat into her closet, and hung it on a nail to dry.

In this exercise I once met an accident which had like to have cost me my life. For one of the pages having put my boat into the trough, the governess who attended Glumdalclitch very officiously lifted me up to place me in the boat, but I happened to slip through her fingers, and should have infallibly fallen down forty feet upon the floor, if by the luckiest chance in the world, I had not been stopped by a corking-pin that stuck in the good gentlewoman's stomacher; the head of the pin passed between my shirt and the waistband of my breeches, and thus I was held by the middle in the air till Glumdalclitch ran to my relief.

Another time, one of the servants, whose office it was to fill my trough every third day with fresh water, was so careless to let a huge frog (not perceiving it) slip out of his pail. The frog lay concealed till I was put into my boat, but then seeing a resting-place, climbed up, and made it lean so much on one side, that I was forced to balance it with all my weight on the other, to prevent overturning. When the frog was got in, it hopped at once half the length of the boat, and then over my head, backwards and forwards. The largeness of its features made it appear the most deformed animal that can be conceived. However, I desired Glumdalclitch to let me deal with it alone. I banged it a good while with one of my sculls, and at last forced it to leap out of the boat.

But the greatest danger I ever underwent in that kingdom was from a monkey, who belonged to one of the clerks of the kitchen. Glumdalclitch had locked me up in her closet, while she went somewhere upon business or a visit. The weather being very warm, the closet window was left open, as well as the windows and the

door of my bigger box, in which I usually lived, because of its largeness and conveniency.

As I sat quietly meditating at my table, I heard something bounce in at the closet window, and skip about from one side to the other; whereat, although I was much alarmed, yet I ventured to look out, but stirred not from my seat; and then I saw this frolicsome animal, frisking and leaping up and down, till at last he came to my box, which he seemed to view with great pleasure and curiosity, peeping in at the door and every window. I retreated to the farther corner of my room, or box, but the monkey looking in at every side, put me into such a fright, that I wanted presence of mind to conceal myself under the bed, as I might easily have done. After some time spent in peeping, grinning, and chattering, he at last espied me, and reaching one of his paws in at the door, as a cat does when she plays with a mouse, although I often shifted place to avoid him, he at length seized the lappet of my coat (which being made of that country cloth, was very thick and strong) and dragged me out. He took me up in his right fore-foot, just as I have seen the same sort of creature do with a kitten in Europe: and when I offered to struggle, he squeezed me so hard, that I thought it more prudent to submit. I have good reasor to believe that he took me for a young one of his species by his often stroking my face very gently with his othe paw. In these diversions he was interrupted by a nois at the closet door, as if somebody were opening it; wher upon he suddenly leaped up to the window at which I had come in, and thence upon the leads and gutte walking upon three legs, and holding me in the fourt till he clambered up to a roof that was next to ours. heard Glumdalclitch give a shriek at the moment he v

carrying me out. The poor girl was almost distracted: that quarter of the palace was all in an uproar; the servants ran for ladders; the monkey was seen by hundreds in the court, sitting upon the ridge of a building, holding me like a baby in one of his fore-paws, and feeding me with the other, by cramming into my mouth some victuals he had squeezed out of the bag on one side of his chaps, and patting me when I would not eat; whereat many of the rabble below could not forbear laughing; neither do I think they justly ought to be blamed, for without question the sight was ridiculous enough to everybody but myself. Some of the people threw up stones, hoping to drive the monkey down; but this was strictly forbidden, or else very probably my brains had been dashed out.

The ladders were now applied, and mounted by several men, which the monkey observing, and finding himself almost encompassed, not being able to make speed enough with his three legs, let me drop on a ridge tile, and made his escape. Here I sat for some time three hundred yards from the ground, expecting every moment to be blown down by the wind, or to fall by my own giddiness, and come tumbling over and over from the ridge to the eaves; but an honest lad, one of my nurse's footmen, climbed up, and putting me into his breeches pocket, brought me down safe.

I was almost choked with the filthy stuff the monkey had crammed down my throat: but my dear little nurse picked it out of my mouth with a small needle, and then I fell a-vomiting, which gave me great relief. Yet I was so weak and bruised in the sides with the squeezes given me by this odious animal, that I was forced to keep my bed a fortnight. The King, Queen, and all the court,

sent every day to enquire after my health, and her Majesty made me several visits during my sickness. The monkey was killed, and an order made that no such animal should be kept about the palace.

When I attended the King after my recovery, to return him thanks for his favours, he was pleased to rally me a good deal upon this adventure. He asked me what my thoughts and speculations were while I lay in the monkey's paw, how I liked the victuals he gave me, his manner of feeding, and whether the fresh air on the roof had sharpened my stomach. He desired to know what I would have done upon such an occasion in my own country. I told his Majesty that in Europe we had no monkeys, except such as were brought for curiosities from other places, and so small that I could deal with a dozen of them together, if they presumed to attack me. And as for that monstrous animal with whom I was so lately engaged (it was indeed as large as an elephant), if my fears had suffered me to think so far as to make use of my hanger (looking fiercely and clapping my hand upon the hilt as I spoke) when he poked his paw into my chamber, perhaps I should have given him such a wound, as would have made him glad to withdraw it with more haste than he put it in. This I delivered in a firm tone, like a person who was jealous lest his courage should be called in question. However, my speech produced nothing else besides a loud laughter, which all the respect due to his Majesty from those about him could not make them contain. This made me reflect how vain an attempt it is for a man to endeavour doing himself honour among those who are out of all degree of equality or comparison with him. And yet I have seen the moral of my own behaviour very frequent in England since my

return, where a little contemptible varlet, without the least title to birth, person, wit, or common sense, shall presume to look with importance, and put himself upon a foot with the greatest persons of the kingdom.

Jonathan Swift.

IX

HOW MR. PICKWICK UNDERTOOK TO DRIVE

Mr. Pickwick found that his three companions had risen, and were waiting his arrival to commence breakfast, which was ready laid in tempting display. They sat down to the meal; and broiled ham, eggs, tea, coffee, and sundries, began to disappear with a rapidity which at once bore testimony to the excellency of the fare, and the appetites of its consumers.

'Now, about Manor Farm,' said Mr. Pickwick. 'How shall we go?'

'We had better consult the waiter, perhaps,' said Mr. Tupman, and the waiter was summoned accordingly.

'Dingley Dell, gentlemen—fifteen miles, gentlemen—cross road—post-chaise, sir?'

'Post-chaise won't hold more than two,' said Mr. Pickwick.

'True, sir—beg your pardon, sir—very nice four-wheeled chaise, sir—seat for two behind—one in front for the gentleman that drives—oh! beg your pardon, sir—that'll only hold three.'

'What's to be done?' said Mr. Snodgrass.

'Perhaps one of the gentlemen would like to ride, sir?' suggested the waiter, looking towards Mr. Winkle; 'very good saddle horses, sir—any of Mr. Wardle's men coming to Rochester bring 'em back, sir.'

'The very thing,' said Mr. Pickwick. 'Winkle, will you go on horseback?'

Mr. Winkle did entertain considerable misgivings in the very lowest recesses of his own heart, relative to his equestrian skill; but, as he would not have them even suspected on any account, he at once replied with great hardihood, 'Certainly. I should enjoy it, of all things.'

Mr. Winkle had rushed upon his fate; there was no resource. 'Let them be at the door by eleven,' said Mr. Pickwick.

'Very well, sir,' replied the waiter.

The waiter retired; the breakfast concluded; and the travellers ascended to their respective bed-rooms, to prepare a change of clothing, to take with them on their approaching expedition.

Mr. Pickwick had made his preliminary arrangements, and was looking over the coffee-room blinds at the passengers in the street, when the waiter entered, and announced that the chaise was ready—an announcement which the vehicle itself confirmed, by forthwith appearing before the coffee-room blinds aforesaid.

It was a curious little green box on four wheels, with a low place like a wine-bin for two behind, and an elevated perch for one in front, drawn by an immense brown horse, displaying great symmetry of bone. An hostler stood near, holding by the bridle another immense horse —apparently a near relative of the animal in the chaise— ready saddled for Mr. Winkle.

'Bless my soul!' said Mr. Pickwick, as they stood upon the pavement while the coasts were being put in. 'Bless my soul! who's to drive? I never thought of that.'

'Oh! you, of course,' said Mr. Tupman.

'Of course,' said Mr. Snodgrass.

'I!' exclaimed Mr. Pickwick.

'Not the slightest fear, sir,' interposed the hostler. 'Warrant him quiet, sir; a hinfant in arms might drive him.'

'He don't shy, does he?' inquired Mr. Pickwick.

'Shy, sir?—He wouldn't shy if he was to meet a vaggin-load of monkeys with their tails burnt off.'

The last recommendation was indisputable. Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass got into the bin; Mr. Pickwick ascended to his perch, and deposited his feet on a floor-clothed shelf, erected beneath it for that purpose.

'Now, shiny Villiam,' said the hostler to the deputy hostler, 'give the gen'lm'n the ribbins.' 'Shiny Villiam'—so called, probably, from his sleek hair and oily countenance—placed the reins in Mr. Pickwick's left hand; and the upper hostler thrust a whip into his right.

'Wo-o!' cried Mr. Pickwick, as the tall quadruped evinced a decided inclination to back into the coffee-room window.

'Wo-o!' echoed Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass, from the bin.

'Only his playfulness, gen'lm'n,' said the head hostler encouragingly; 'jist kitch hold on him, Villiam.' The deputy restrained the animal's impetuosity, and the principal ran to assist Mr. Winkle in mounting.

'T'other side, sir, if you please.'

'Blowed if the gen'lm'n worn't a gettin' up on the wrong side,' whispered a grinning post-boy to the inexpressibly gratified waiter.

Mr. Winkle, thus instructed, climbed into his saddle, with about as much difficulty as he would have experienced in getting up the side of a first-rate man-of-war.

CONTENTS

'All right?' inquired Mr. Pickwick, with an inward presentiment that it was all wrong.

'All right,' *replied Mr. Winkle faintly.*

'Let 'em go,' cried the hostler,—'Hold him in, sir,' and away went the chaise, and the saddle-horse, with Mr. Pickwick on the box of the one, and Mr. Winkle on the back of the other, to the delight and gratification of the whole inn yard.

'What makes him go sideways?' said Mr. Snodgrass in the bin, to Mr. Winkle in the saddle.

'I can't imagine,' replied Mr. Winkle. His horse was *drifting up the street in the most mysterious manner*—side first, with his head towards one side of the way, and his tail towards the other.

Mr. Pickwick had no leisure to observe, either this or any other particular, the whole of his faculties being concentrated in the management of the animal attached to the chaise, who displayed various peculiarities, highly interesting to a bystander, but by no means equally amusing to any one seated behind him. Besides constantly jerking his head up, in a very unpleasant and uncomfortable manner, and tugging at the reins to an extent which rendered it a matter of great difficulty for Mr. Pickwick to hold them, he had a singular propensity for darting suddenly every now and then to the side of the road, then stopping short, and then rushing forward for some minutes, at a speed which it was wholly impossible to control.

'What *can* he mean by this?' said Mr. Snodgrass, when the horse had executed this manoeuvre for the *twentieth time.*

'I don't know,' replied Mr. Tupman; 'it *looks* very like shying, don't it?' Mr. Snodgrass was about to

reply, when he was interrupted by a shout from Mr. Pickwick.

'Woo!' said that gentleman; 'I have dropped my whip.'

'Winkle,' said Mr. Snodgrass, as the equestrian came trotting up on the tall horse, with his hat over his ears, and shaking all over, as if he would shake to pieces, with the violence of the exercise, 'pick up the whip there's a good fellow.' Mr. Winkle pulled at the bridle of the tall horse till he was black in the face; and having at length succeeded in stopping him, dismounted, handed the whip to Mr. Pickwick, and grasping the reins, prepared to remount.

Now whether the tall horse, in the natural playfulness of his disposition, was desirous of having a little innocent recreation with Mr. Winkle, or whether it occurred to him that he could perform the journey as much to his own satisfaction without a rider as with one, are points upon which, of course, we can arrive at no definite and distinct conclusion. By whatever motives the animal was actuated, certain it is that Mr. Winkle had no sooner touched the reins, than he slipped them over his head, and darted backwards to their full length.

'Poor fellow,' said Mr. Winkle, soothingly,—'poor fellow—good old horse.' The 'poor fellow' was proof against flattery: the more Mr. Winkle tried to get nearer him, the more he sidled away; and notwithstanding all kinds of coaxing and wheedling, there were Mr. Winkle and the horse going round and round each other for ten minutes, at the end of which time each was at precisely the same distance from the other as when they first commenced—an unsatisfactory sort of thing under any

circumstances, but particularly so in a lonely road, where no assistance can be procured.

'What am I to do?' shouted Mr. Winkle, after the dodging had been prolonged for a considerable time. 'What am I to do? I can't get on him.'

'You had better lead him till we come to a turnpike,' replied Mr. Pickwick from the chaise.

'But he won't come!' roared Mr. Winkle. 'Do come, and hold him.'

Mr. Pickwick was the very personation of kindness and humanity: he threw the reins on the horse's back, and having descended from his seat, carefully drew the chaise into the hedge, lest anything should come along the road, and stepped back to the assistance of his distressed companion, leaving Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass in the vehicle.

The horse no sooner beheld Mr. Pickwick advancing towards him with the chaise whip in his hand, than he exchanged the rotary motion in which he had previously indulged, for a retrograde movement of so very determined a character that it at once drew Mr. Winkle, who was still at the end of the bridle, at a rather quicker rate than fast walking, in the direction from which they had just come. Mr. Pickwick ran to his assistance, but the faster Mr. Pickwick ran forward, the faster the horse ran backward. There was a great scraping of feet, and kicking up of the dust; and at last Mr. Winkle, his arms being nearly pulled out of their sockets, fairly let go his hold. The horse paused, stared, shook his head, turned round, and quietly trotted home to Rochester, leaving Mr. Winkle and Mr. Pickwick gazing on each other with countenances of black dismay. A rattling noise at a little distance attracted their attention. They looked up.

'Bless my soul!' exclaimed the agonized Mr. Pickwick, 'there's the other horse running away!'

It was but too true. The animal was startled by the noise, and the reins were on his back. The result may be guessed. He tore off with the four-wheeled chaise behind him, and Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass in the four-wheeled chaise. The heat was a short one.

Mr. Tupman threw himself into the hedge, Mr. Snodgrass followed his example, the horse dashed the four-wheeled chaise against a wooden bridge, separated the wheels from the body, and the bin from the perch: and finally stood stock still to gaze upon the ruin he had made.

The first care of the two unspilt friends was to extricate their unfortunate companions from their bed of quickset—a process which gave them the unspeakable satisfaction of discovering that they had sustained no injury, beyond sundry rents in their garments, and various lacerations from the brambles. The next thing to be done was, to unharness the horse. This complicated process having been effected, the party walked slowly forward, leading the horse among them, and abandoning the chaise to its fate.

An hour's walking brought the travellers to a little road-side public-house, with two elm trees, a horse-trough, and a sign-post, in front; one or two deformed hay-racks behind, a kitchen garden at the side, and rotten sheds and mouldering out-houses jumbled in strange confusion all about it. A red-headed man was working in the garden; and to him Mr. Pickwick called lustily—'Hallo there!'

The red-headed man raised his body, shaded his eyes

with his hand, and stared, long and coolly, at Mr. Pickwick and his companions.

'*Hallo there!*' *repeated Mr. Pickwick.*

'Hallo!' was the red-headed man's reply.

'How far is it to Dingley Dell?'

'Better er seven mile.'

'*Is* it a good road?'

'No t'ant.' Having uttered this brief reply, and apparently satisfied himself with another scrutiny, the red-headed man resumed his work.

'We *want to put this horse up here*,' said Mr. Pickwick; 'I suppose we can, can't we?'

'Want to put that ere horse up, do ee?' repeated the red-headed man, leaning on his spade.

'Of course,' replied Mr. Pickwick, who had by this time advanced horse in hand, to the garden rails.

'Missus'—roared the man with the red head, emerging from the garden, and looking very hard at the horse —'Missus!'

A tall bony woman—straight all the way down—in a coarse blue pelisse, with the waist an inch or two below her arm-pits, responded to the call.

'Can we put this horse up here, my good woman?' said Mr. Tupman, advancing, and speaking in his most seductive tones. The woman looked very hard at the whole party; and the red-headed man whispered something in her ear.

'No,' replied the woman, after a little consideration, '*I'm afeerd on it.*'

'Afraid!' exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, 'what's the woman afraid of?'

'It got us in trouble last time,' said the woman, turning into the house; I woant have nothin' to say to 'un.'

'Most extraordinary thing I ever met with in my life,' said the astonished Mr. Pickwick.

'I—I—really believe,' whispered Mr. Winkle, as his friends gathered round him, 'that they think we have come by this horse in some dishonest manner.'

'What!' exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, in a storm of indignation. Mr. Winkle modestly repeated his suggestion.

'Hallo, you fellow!' said the angry Mr. Pickwick, 'do you think we stole this horse?'

'I'm sure ye did,' replied the red-headed man, with a grin which agitated his countenance from one auricular organ to the other. Saying which, he turned into the house, and banged the door after him.

'It's like a dream,' ejaculated Mr. Pickwick, 'a hideous dream. The idea of a man's walking about all day, with a dreadful horse that he can't get rid of!' The depressed Pickwickians turned moodily away, with the tall quadruped, for which they all felt the most unmitigated disgust, following slowly at their heels.

It was late in the afternoon when the four friends and their four-footed companion turned into the lane leading to Manor Farm: and even when they were so near their place of destination, the pleasure they would otherwise have experienced was materially damped as they reflected on the singularity of their appearance, and the absurdity of their situation. Torn clothes, lacerated faces, dusty shoes, exhausted looks, and, above all, the horse. Oh, how Mr. Pickwick cursed that horse: he had eyed the noble animal from time to time with looks expressive of hatred and revenge; more than once he had calculated the probable amount of the expense he would incur by

cutting his throat; and now the temptation to destroy him, or to cast him loose upon the world, rushed upon his mind with tenfold force. He was roused from a meditation on these dire imaginings, by the sudden appearance of two figures at a turn of the lane. It was Mr. Wardle, and his faithful attendant, the fat boy.

'Why, where *have* you been?' said the hospitable old gentleman; 'I've been waiting for you all day. Well, you *do* look tired. What! Scratches! Not hurt, I hope —eh? Well, I *am* glad to hear that—very. So you've been spilt, eh? Never mind. Common accident in these parts. Joe, take that horse from the gentleman, and lead it into the stable.'

The fat boy sauntered heavily behind them with the animal; and the old gentleman, condoling with his guests in homely phrase on so much of the day's adventures as they thought proper to communicate, led the way to the kitchen.

'We'll have you put to rights here,' said the old gentleman, 'and then I'll introduce you to the people in the parlour. Emma, bring out the cherry brandy; now, Jane, a needle and thread here; towels and water, Mary. Come, girls, bustle about.'

Three or four buxom girls speedily dispersed in search of the different articles in requisition, while a couple of large-headed, circular-visaged males rose from their seats in the chimney-corner (for although it was a May evening, their attachment to the wood fire appeared as cordial as if it were Christmas), and dived into some obscure recesses, from which they speedily produced a bottle of blacking, and some half-dozen brushes.

'Bustle!' said the old gentleman again, but the admonition was quite unnecessary, for one of the girls poured

out the cherry brandy, and another brought in the towels, and one of the men suddenly seizing Mr. Pickwick by the leg, at imminent hazard of throwing him off his balance, brushed away at his boot, till his corns were red-hot; while the other shampoo'd Mr. Winkle with a heavy clothes-brush, indulging, during the operation, in that hissing sound which hostlers are wont to produce when engaged in rubbing down a horse.

Mr. Snodgrass, having concluded his ablutions, took a survey of the room, while standing with his back to the fire, sipping his cherry brandy, with heartfelt satisfaction. He described it as a large apartment, with a red brick floor and a capacious chimney; the ceiling garnished with hams, sides of bacon, and ropes of onions. The walls were decorated with several hunting-whips, two or three bridles, a saddle and an old rusty blunderbuss, with an inscription below it, intimating that it was 'Loaded'—as it had been, on the same authority, for half a century at least. An old eight-day clock, of solemn and sedate demeanour, ticked gravely in one corner; and a silver watch, of equal antiquity, dangled from one of the many hooks which ornamented the dresser.

'Ready?' said the old gentleman inquiringly, when his guests had been washed, mended, brushed, and brandied.

'Quite,' replied Mr. Pickwick.

'Come along, then,' and the party having traversed several dark passages, and being joined by Mr. Tupman, arrived at the parlour door.

'Welcome,' said their hospitable host, throwing it open and stepping forward to announce them,. 'Welcome, gentlemen, to Manor Farm.'

Charles Dickens: Pickwick Papers.

X

THEIR FIRST SUCCESS

Dotworth had been a failure: they had made neither friends nor money there, and they had all been glad to leave the place. They would really make a start, they told one another, at Sandybay, which some of them knew and proclaimed to be "not a bad date." Miss Trant had never heard of it before, but then she knew very little about the East Coast. It was certainly very pleasant after Rawsley and Dotworth, for it was a clean friendly little town, open to salt winds that as yet only had a healthy chill in them. In the mornings, when the October sun struggled through, there was a fine sparkle on the sea, the air was as crisp and sweet as an apple, and it was delightful to swing along the promenade. In the centre, the old part, Sandybay was still a fishing village, a fascinating higgledy-piggledy of boats, nets, capstans, blue jerseys, mahogany faces, and queer inns. On the outskirts, it was a residential town; it had a ring of little villas and two golf courses; and retired army officers and district commissioners abounded there, battling with weeds in the morning, trying a niblick in the afternoon, and bidding a quite unjustified Three No Trumps in the evening. In the spaces between these outskirts and the old fishing village, Sandybay was a growing but still "select" resort; and here you found the Beach Hotel, the Sandringham Boarding House, the Old Oak Cafe, the Elite Picture Theatre, Eastman's Circulating Library, the Municipal Bandstand and Floral Gardens, and the Pier. This Pier went forward about twenty-five yards, then swelled out in a rather dropsical fashion to support

Pavilion, which looked like an overgrown and neg-
ted greenhouse. However, it boasted a stage equipped
th footlights, a spot-light, and an excellent curtain, a
rand piano and several dressing-rooms for artistes, and
eating accommodation for six hundred people. After
achieving this Pavilion, the Pier went on again for about
a hundred yards and ended in a subdued riot of little
kiosks and automatic machines, the whole dominated by
the Refreshment Room, where the very red-faced men
who took out monthly angling tickets could obtain a
little Scotch or Draught Bass. It is perhaps worth
remarking, in passing, that our friend Mr. Morton
Mitcham had made the Refreshment Room his head-
quarters and had become a great favourite with both the
staff (one blonde and one brunette) and the patrons, who
included in their number two gentlemen who were
nearly sure after some prompting—that they had seen
Mr. Mitcham before, one in Singapore in Nought Three,
the other in Sydney in Nought Eight. Mr. Mitcham
himself declared more than once that he remembered
them both very well, and they were all very happy to
gether.

It was the manager of the Pier who had engag
The Good Companions (on a sixty-per-cent basis, with
thirty-pound guarantee), for Sandybay was trying
extend its season until the end of October and had
mised its visitors a " First-class Concert Party every v
in the Pier Pavilion " throughout the month. The
that *The Good Companions* had found it ridicul
easy to find lodgings (with sitting-rooms wildly th
in) suggested there had not been any rush of h
holiday-makers during this second week of Octobe
so far, that is, on Monday and Tuesday evenin
attendances had been poor. Jimmy Nunn sai

CONTENTS

were plenty of people in the town, enough to give them a full house every night, but that they had no inclination to walk out to the Pier Pavilion. Miss Trant agreed with him. The town was bright enough in the morning, lit by the huge flickering gem of the sea, but by tea-time this brightness had faded, the waters were ghostly, the waves came lapping in melancholy; and the evening, twice accompanied by a drizzle of rain, was forlorn indeed, and there was nothing more forlorn in it than the echoing length of the Pier. A cosy theatre of the old-fashioned kind, all gilt and crimson plush, stuffy and glittering, would have been proof against such evenings, but this Pavilion, like nothing but a huge decayed conservatory, was helpless before the mournful mystery of the autumnal darkness and the moan of the sea. But there was time yet, they told one another; the end of the week was always better than the beginning.

Wednesday night was better than Monday or Tuesday; there were more people, especially in the cheaper seats, and they were a trifle more enthusiastic. Thursday night was better still, but then Thursday was closing day for the shops. Friday, however, was just as good as Thursday and rather more appreciative. But none of these—as Mrs. Joe said—were what you could really call Nights. There were still rows and rows of empty chair (the Wood Family, Jimmy Nunn called them); th applause was feeble, scattered, and there was hardly a excuse for an encore; and it was difficult not to feel th the mournful night was drifting in and smothering su enthusiasm as there was in the half-empty pavilion. A now the great question was, Would Saturday be a Nig

"If Saturday's a fizzle," Mrs. Joe announced on Fr night, in the ladies dressing-room, "I shan't dare to

Miss Trant in the face, my dears. Dotworth didn't matter—."

"There wasn't tuppence in the whole rotten little town," Elsie put in, rubbing her face far too vigorously. "If they had a whist-drive there, they'd want to knock off and stay at home for six months."

"But this place is different. It's supposed to be a good date, and after all it's only the middle of October. And look what we've done," Mrs. Joe added, dejectedly. "Miss Trant will think we're a lot of Jonahs, that is, if she understands the expression, which I doubt."

"Lucky for her!" cried Susie, that child of the theatre. She pulled her dress over her head, and then remarked on emerging: "I must say I'd like to show her a real Night. She's cheerful enough—bless her!—but I fancy a full house, money turned away, encores all round, five curtains, speeches, thanks from the manager—the usual 'riot' that everybody talks about in the adverts, and hardly anybody ever sees—would buck her up no end. I know it would. And that new number of mine that Jimmy and Inigo have written is only waiting for an audience that isn't sitting there just to hear *God Save the King*. It's just crying out, ladies, for a few live ones in front."

"Exactly," said Mrs. Joe. "Experienced as I am—and very few artistes who are artistes have struck more dead frosts than I have in my time—I cannot, no, I cannot, sing to chairs. I can feel the empty spaces my dear, I assure you I can, and you've no idea how it wrecks my interpretation. I told Miss Trant this morning when I met her on the front: I said 'Properly speaking, you've not heard me really interpret a song yet.' But I didn't tell her why. I felt it would have been adding insult to injury—not that I've done her any injury, but you know what I mean?"

They did know what she meant, and they all sighed in chorus for a Night.

Jimmy Nunn and Mr. Morton Mitcham, having what they called "a quick one" with the manager of the Pier, Mr. Porson, in the Refreshment Room on Saturday morning, could not keep away from the subject.

"Yes," said Mr. Porson, "we're round about forty-three pounds so far. That means you'll just about make up to your guarantee tonight, unless of course there's a rush. A wet night might bring 'em in, though they're not fond of walking out to the Pier on a wet night. If it's fine, then they don't want to come inside, and if it's wet they don't fancy the Pier." And Mr. Porson added the short and rather cheerless laugh that he always tacked on to this observation, which he had made already at least fifty times this season, to say nothing of other seasons.

"If you ask me," said Mr. Mitcham impressively, "I think we're getting going in the town. Some of the fellows who come in here, fellows who never go in to see a show, are beginning to talk about it. They've heard something, you see. If we were here another week, we'd be playing to capacity. I know. I've seen it before. But there you are, we're not."

"Just what I think," Jimmy Nunn admitted sadly. "We've got going, but too late. And damned hard cheese, I call it. As I told you, Mr. Porson, this lady who's the boss, Miss Trant, she's put up a lot of money for us—."

"A lot of money," Mr. Mitcham repeated emphatically, with the air of a man who knows money when he sees it.

"She's new to it, you see, Mr. Porson," Jimmy continued, "and she's one of the best, a real lady too—general's

ter, they say. It's time she began seeing something
er money."

She'll think we've sold her the gold brick,"
. Mitcham put in mournfully.

" And the show ought to go," said Jimmy.

"It oughter go big," said Mr. Mitcham, who, in this despondent mood, seemed to become more Transatlantic.

Mr. Porson had heard something like this, usually in this very bar, every week since April, but he immediately agreed that it was a good show. "I don't say it's everybody's show," he said judicially. "It's not one of your bustling, knock-'em-about, come-on-let's-have-the-applause shows. But I'll tell you frankly—I like it. You can put me down for that. It's a fine little show, and we're as disappointed as you are." He finished his drink. "Well, I must be trotting." Mr. Porson was always trotting, as Miss Trant and Jimmy and other people who had business with him knew to their cost. He trotted so much that he could never be found. The other two watched him go, and then looked at one another with slightly raised brows, which announced that they had n great opinion of Mr. Porson, that Mr. Porson might pleasant enough over a drink but nevertheless wa thoroughly incompetent person, the kind of manager would ruin the chances of any show.

"What about finishing these and then walking to see if there are any bookings?" Jimmy asked. box office was at the entrance to the Pier. It too ten minutes to reach it, but by the time they had quietly dismissed nine men out of every ten found their way, obviously by influence, into ment, as creatures who merely cumbered the

"Good morning, my dear; you're looking

this morning," said Mr. Mitcham to the young lady in the box office, who looked anything but bright. "And how are things?"

But the young lady, who suffered a good deal from bronchial trouble, really did brighten now. "Quite picking up today," she replied, "I've booked out about two and a half rows of the two-and-fourpennies already, and I've had several enquiries on the telephone. I shouldn't be surprised if a lot of the better-class people aren't coming, for once. I believe you're going to get a good house tonight."

"Bless you, my child, for those kind words," said Jimmy. Then he exchanged a glance with Mr. Mitcham. "It looks better, ol' man."

"It's just as I said," replied Mr. Mitcham. "We've got going in the town, though only at the last minute. Another week and it'ud be capacity every night."

"Well, a good send-off will be something. It'll cheer us all up and look well in the adverts. 'Thanks for wonderful send-off at Sandybay. Last night a riot!' And I'll tell you what I think, Mitcham," Jimmy added earnestly. "Mr. Porson ought to get more chairs in. He told me himself he'd lent about fifty to the corporation. Let him put 'em back, I say. There's time this afternoon. I'll leave a message."

Miss Trant herself saw the extra chairs being taken in, late in the afternoon. Mr. Oakroyd was there, lending a hand.

"I suppose they're expecting something rather wonderful next week," she said to him, with a touch of bitterness. "They don't want any more seats for us."

"Nay, Miss Trant, they do," he told her, pushing back his little brown cap as usual, for he always wore his cap

and always saluted her in this manner. "It's going to be a right big do, they tell me, and even wi' these extras ther'll nobbut be standing room for them as comes at last minute, I dare say. All t'fowk where I'm lodging and their friends and relations is coming, I do knaw, and all t'better seats is booked up, two and fower a time."

"Oh, but that's splendid, isn't it, Mr. Oakroyd?" she cried.

"It'll be a bit of a change," he admitted drily.

She looked at him reproachfully. "Is that all you can say?"

Mr. Oakroyd did not blush because he was not in the habit of blushing, but he looked a trifle confused. "Nay," he protested, "I'm right glad. It's champion."

Miss Trant, rather excited now, returned to the Pavilion earlier than usual in the evening, and though there was the usual mournful drizzle making the Pier look as forlorn as ever, already people were streaming along towards the Pavilion. Sandybay had discovered, at the eleventh hour, that *The Good Companions* were offering it an unusually good show. Ten minutes before the performance began, all the unreserved seats were filled and there were numbers of people standing at each side and at the back. In another five minutes, after a few more had been squeezed in, the "House Full" notice was put up and they were actually turning money away. Miss Trant, who was sitting in a corner in the wings, near the ladies' dressing room, had the news from Mr. Porson himself, and immediately both dressing rooms and wings buzzed with it: "Turning money away, my dear"; "Capacity to the roof, ol' man"; and they took turns at peeping through the curtain. "Going to be a Night, my dear,"

they cried to one another. "What did I say? Something told me."

"Now, Miss Trant," said Mrs. Joe, "can't you feel a difference?" Miss Trant could. The whole atmosphere of the place was changed. You knew at once that on the other side of the curtain there were no longer any cold spaces and empty chairs and yawns and languid stares; that everybody there was expecting to be delightfully entertained, had already met the players more than halfway, was only waiting to hum and laugh and break into gigantic hailstorms of applause. Miss Trant tried hard to be coolly amused at the excitement of the others, but she did not succeed. She was as excited as they were, and was only thankful that she herself had nothing to do. Oh, this might be absurd, but it was thrilling, it was fun!

Jimmy had a last-minute inspiration. "Let's open with the band behind the curtain. Our two numbers. *Slippin' round the Corner*, then Susie's number." Inigo had been able to score these two songs of his for the little jazz band, with some assistance from Morton Mitcham, and they had both been well rehearsed. They got their instruments and took up their places: Inigo at the piano; Jimmy at the drums; Mitcham with his banjo; and Joe, Susie and Elsie respectively with cornet, violin, and tenor saxophone, instruments they all played in a slapdash but sufficiently adequate manner. In less than a minute they were waiting for the signal to begin.

House lights out and footlights up. Applause already. Then—one, two, three, and off they went. *Rumty-dee-tidee-dee. Rumty-dee-tidee.* Quietly at first, then louder, then letting it rip. You could feel the whole house moving to its rhythm through the curtain. They were tapping; they were humming; they were eating and drinking it. A final flourish, crowned by Jimmy, who

crashed his drumstick against the hanging cymbal. A moment's silence. Then the Pavilion seemed all clapping hands.

"Instruments away," shouted Jimmy through the tumult. "All on and the opening chorus as usual! Come on, come on. Now then, Inigo! Ready with that curtain, Oakroyd! Gosh! it's going with a bang tonight!"

And with a bang it went. They clapped when Joe warned them against the mighty deep, and clapped again when Mrs. Joe discovered Angus Macdonald coming home from the war. They rose as one man when Elsie tunefully announced she was looking for a boy like them. They reduced Morton Mitcham to mere sweat and grinning bone, and he did so many tricks and played so many tunes that both cards and strings must have been redhot by the time he had done with them. They roared with laughter every time Jimmy opened his mouth or crossed the stage. And when Jerry Jerningham did his slipping round the corner and Susie brought out her new song about going home, then they had no mercy but clapped and stamped and whistled and drummed their feet time after time to bring the two back again. When the final curtain came, it was nearly eleven, three-quarters of an hour past the usual time, and even then the enraptured audience would not stop applauding. "Spee-ee-eech!" some of them were calling.

Jimmy beckoned to Miss Trant, who was standing in the wings, at once excited and exhausted, dithering, because instead of being a mere spectator she had seen both actors and audience. "Come on and say something," Jimmy's mouth shaped at her.

Instantly she waved a frantic negative. She could no more have tottered into that lighted space and spoken to

the loud if friendly monster there than have flown to the moon.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Jimmy began.

But that was the signal for another outburst, and in the middle of it the attendant could be seen pushing his way up to the stage, carrying a magnificent bouquet of roses. The lights were up now and everybody on the stage could see that approaching bouquet. The three women never took their eyes away from it. Mrs. Joe was not without her hopes, for might there not be a Music Lover in the house? It flashed through Elsie's mind that probably some gentleman friend—Elsie was rich in gentlemen friends—was in front, Susie was already preparing a special smile and curtsy, for it was hardly possible that the bouquet could be for anyone else. If ever a girl had earned a bouquet, she had tonight. The attendant held it up, and Jimmy came forward with a skip and a jump to receive it. He read the label, and the three women held their breath. He turned and, with a droll gesture and smirk, handed it—to Jerry Jerningham.

Mr. Jerningham, very warm, very tired, a little shiny perhaps, but still exquisite, bowed his acknowledgement very gracefully, then, after a quick glance at the label, which said *To Mr. Jerry Jerningham from an Unknown Admirer* and said it in a flowing and feminine handwriting, smiled again at the audience and smiled at his fellow players, three of whom were attempting to disguise looks of mingled amazement and disgust. And it may be admitted, here and now, that there was talk of that monstrous bouquet for weeks afterwards in the ladies' dressing-room, that we ourselves have perhaps not heard the last of it, that the Unknown Admirer may turn up again.

It was over at last. Inigo, hotter and even more veary than Mr. Jerningham and not at all exquisite, ıammered out something that approximated to *God Save the King*, and then, safe behind the lowered curtain, nearly fell off his chair. "This is the boy that ought to have a bouquet," said Mrs. Joe, who had a great opinion of Inigo. "Look how he's worked. And never even got so much as a hand!"

"Yes, it's a rotten shame," said Susie, smiling at him. "Look—his lock of hair's nearly coming out. Never mind, you were wonderful, Inigo, and the song's darling, darling, da-ar-ling." And off she ran.

Miss Trant found Mr. Porson at her elbow, saying something about returns and a future date, but at the moment it was impossible for her to be quietly sensible. They were all still shouting congratulations to one another and clearing away their props. It was like the end of a crazy party. After a minute or two, she decided to wait outside until some of the others had finished changing. And very strange it was to go outside and find the night there, the glitter of the promenade, the mysterious and murmuring dark of the sea, the lonely lights far out, the chill salt breath that now seemed so sweet.

Out they came, dim shapes with jubilant voices. A cigarette went curving over the side like a tiny meteor, and a voice said: "Ah, I'd rather taste the air than that." They gathered round her. "Well, this was a Night wasn't it?" they chorussed; and "What a send-off!" anc "A riot at Sandybay, my dear!" Jerry Jerningham helc out his roses to Elsie, who condescended to smell therr Mrs. Joe found Mr. Joe, who tucked her arm in his an gave the scene a pleasantly domestic flavour, so that yo could almost see little George himself there with ther

I

THE ADVENTURES OF A SHILLING

I was last night visited by a friend of mine, who has an inexhaustible fund of discourse, and never fails to entertain his company with a variety of thoughts and hints that are altogether new and uncommon. Whether it were in complaisance to my way of living or his real opinion, he advanced the following paradox: "That it required much greater talents to fill up, and become a retired life, than a life of business." Upon this occasion he rallied very agreeably the busy men of the age, who only valued themselves for being in motion and passing through a series of trifling and insignificant actions. In the heat of his discourse, seeing a piece of money lying on my table, "I defy," says he, "any of these active persons to produce half the adventures that this twelve-penny piece has been engaged in, were it possible for him to give us an account of his life."

My friend's talk made so odd an impression upon my mind, that soon after I was a-bed I fell insensibly into a most unaccountable reverie, that had neither moral nor design in it, and cannot be so properly called a dream as a delirium.

Methought that the shilling that lay upon that table reared itself upon its edge, and turning the face towards me, opened its mouth, and in a soft silver sound, gave me the following account of his life and adventures:

"I was born (says he) on the side of a mountain near a little village of Peru, and made a voyage to England in an ingot, under the convoy of Sir Francis Drake. I was,

Inigo went dodging round so that he could place himself by the side of Susie, a bafflingly elusive girl. Mr. Mitcham was still in the middle of an anecdote to which nobody was paying any attention. Jimmy Nunn came up, giving instructions to Mr. Oakroyd. Then suddenly, all at once, they were telling one another how tired they were.

"And so am I," cried Miss Trant, "although I haven't done anything. I feel as if I could go to bed for three days. Thank goodness it's Sunday tomorrow!"

"Yes," said Jimmy, "and by the way, I've looked up the trains for Winstead. I've got it down in my notebook and I'll look it up when we get to the entrance. No. Through, of course. The usual cross-country business—an hour's wait at Mudby-on-the-wash, and so on. Who are you taking in the car, Miss Trant? You'd better let us know now."

"Oh, good heavens, I'd forgotten!" she cried, in such droll dismay that they laughed. "I was thinking I was going to have a nice quiet day here, breakfast in bed with a book and then a little sewing. I'd forgotten all about Winstead. Isn't it terrible? We've got to begin all over again." And then they laughed at her again, for there was something in her tone that told them she was now much happier about it all and seemed to establish her companionship with them. They moved slowly towards the Pier entrance, planning the next day's journey.

J. B. Priestley.

XI

THE HOME COMING

Phatik Chakravarti was a ringleader among the boys of the village. A new mischief got into his head. There was a heavy log lying on the mud-flat of the river waiting to be shaped into a mast for a boat. He decided that they should all work together to shift the log by main force from its place and roll it away. The owner of the log would be angry and surprised, and they would all enjoy the fun. Every one seconded the proposal, and it was carried unanimously.

But just as the fun was about to begin, Makhan, Phatik's younger brother, sauntered up and sat down on the log in front of them all without a word. The boys were puzzled for a moment. He was pushed, rather timidly, by one of the boys and told to get up: but he remained quite unconcerned. He appeared like a young philosopher meditating on the futility of games. Phatik was furious. 'Makhan,' he cried, 'if you don't get down this minute, I'll thrash you!'

Makhan only moved to a more comfortable position. Now, if Phatik was to keep his regal dignity before the public, it was clear he ought to carry out his threat. But his courage failed him at the crisis. His fertile brain, however, rapidly seized upon a new manoeuvre which would discomfit his brother and afford his followers an added amusement. He gave the word of command to roll the log and Makhan over together. Makhan heard the order and made it a point of honour to stick on. But he overlooked the fact, like those who attempt earthly fame in other matters, that there was peril in it.

The boys began to heave at the log with all their might, calling out, 'one, two, three, go.' At the word 'go' the log went; and with it went Makhan's philosophy, glory and all.

All the other boys shouted themselves hoarse with delight. But Phatik was a little frightened. He knew what was coming. And, sure enough, Makhan rose from Mother Earth, blind as fate and screaming like the Furies. He rushed at Phatik and scratched his face and beat him and kicked him, and then went crying home. The first act of the drama was over.

Phatik wiped his face, and sat down on the edge of a sunken barge on the river bank, and began to chew a piece of grass. A boat came up to the landing and a middle-aged man, with grey hair and dark moustache, stepped on the shore. He saw the boy sitting there doing nothing and asked him where the Chakravartis lived. Phatik went on chewing the grass and said: 'over there,' but it was quite impossible to tell where he pointed. The stranger asked him again. He swung his legs to and fro on the side of the barge and said: 'Go and find out,' and continued to chew the grass as before.

But now a servant came down from the house and told Phatik his mother wanted him. Phatik refused to move. But the servant was the master on this occasion. He took Phatik up roughly and carried him, kicking and struggling in impotent rage.

When Phatik came into the house, his mother saw him. She called out angrily: 'So you have been hitting Makhan again?'

Phatik answered indignantly: 'No, I haven't; who told you that?'

His mother shouted: 'Don't tell lies! You have.'

...hatik said sullenly: 'I tell you I haven't. You ... khan!' But Makhan thought it best to stick to his ...vious statement. He said: 'Yes, mother. Phatik did ... me.'

Phatik's patience was already exhausted. He could ...ot bear this injustice. He rushed at Makhan and ...ammered him with blows: 'Take that,' he cried, 'and ...hat, and that, for telling lies.'

His mother took Makhan's side in a moment and pulled Phatik away, beating him with her hands. When Phatik pushed her aside, she shouted out: 'What! you little villain! Would you hit your own mother?'

It was just at this critical juncture that the grey-haired stranger arrived. He asked what was the matter. Phatik looked sheepish and ashamed.

But when his mother stepped back and looked at the stranger, her anger was changed to surprise. For she recognised her brother and cried: 'Why Dada! where have you come from?'

As she said these words, she bowed to the ground and touched his feet. Her brother had gone away soon after she had married, and he had started business in Bombay. She herself had lost her husband while he was there. Bishambar had now come back to Calcutta and had at once made enquiries about his sister. He had then hastened to see her as soon as he found out where she wa...

The next few days were full of rejoicing. The broth... asked after the education of the two boys. He was t... by his sister that Phatik was a perpetual nuisance. ... was lazy, disobedient, and wild. But Makhan was good as gold, as quiet as a lamb, and very fond of read... Bishamber kindly offered to take Phatik off his si... hands and educate him with his own children in Cal...

The widowed mother readily agreed. When his uncle asked Phatik if he would like to go to Calcutta with him, his joy knew no bounds and he said: 'Oh, yes, uncle!' in a way that made it quite clear that he meant it.

It was an immense relief to the mother to get rid of Phatik. She had a prejudice against the boy, and no love was lost between the two brothers. She was in daily fear that he would either drown Makhan some day in the river, or break his head in a fight, or run him into some danger. At the same time she was a little distressed to see Phatik's extreme eagerness to get away.

Phatik, as soon as all was settled, kept asking his uncle every minute when they were to start. He was on pins and needles all day long with excitement and lay awake most of the night. He bequeathed to Makhan, in perpetuity, his fishing-rod, his big kite, and his marbles. Indeed, at this time of departure, his generosity towards Makhan was unbounded.

When they reached Calcutta, Phatik made the acquaintance of his aunt for the first time. She was by no means pleased with this unnecessary addition to her family. She found her own three boys quite enough to manage without taking anyone else. And to bring a village lad of fourteen into their midst was terribly upsetting. Bishambar should really have thought twice before committing such an indiscretion.

In this world of human affairs there is no worse nuisance than a boy at the age of fourteen. He is neither ornamental nor useful. It is impossible to shower affection on him as on a little boy; and he is always getting in the way. If he talks with a childish lisp he is called a baby, and if he answers in a grown-up way he is called impertinent. In fact, any talk at all from him is resented.

Then he is at the unattractive, growing age. He grows out of his clothes with indecent haste; his voice grows hoarse and breaks and quavers; his face grows suddenly angular and unsightly. It is easy to excuse the shortcomings of early childhood, but it is hard to tolerate even unavoidable lapses in a boy of fourteen. The lad himself becomes painfully self-conscious. When he talks with elderly people he is either unduly forward, or else so unduly shy that he appears ashamed of his very existence.

Yet it is at this very age when, in his heart of hearts, a young lad most craves for recognition and love; and he becomes the devoted slave of anyone who shows him consideration. But none dare openly love him, for that would be regarded as undue indulgence and therefore bad for the boy. So, what with scolding and chiding, he becomes very much like a stray dog that has lost its master.

For a boy of fourteen his own home is the only Paradise. To live in a strange house with strange people is little short of torture; while the height of bliss is to receive the kind looks of women and never to be slighted by them.

It was anguish to Phatik to be the unwelcome guest in his aunt's house, despised by this elderly woman and slighted on every occasion. If ever she asked him to do anything for her, he would be so overjoyed that he would overdo it; and then she would tell him not to be so stupid, but to get on with his lessons.

The cramped atmosphere of neglect oppressed Phatik so much that he felt that he could hardly breathe. He wanted to go out into the open country and fill his lungs with fresh air. But there was no open country to go to. Surrounded on all sides by Calcutta houses and walls, he

would dream night after night of his village home and long to be back there. He remembered the glorious meadow where he used to fly his kite all day long; the broad river-banks where he would wander about the live-long day singing and shouting for joy; the narrow brook where he could go and dive and swim at any time he liked. He thought of his band of boy companions over whom he was despot, and, above all, the memory of that tyrant mother of his, who had such a prejudice against him, occupied him day and night. A kind of physical love like that of animals, a longing to be in the presence of the one who is loved, an inexpressible wistfulness during absence, a silent cry of the inmost heart for the mother, like the lowing of a calf in the twilight,—this love, which was almost an animal instinct, agitated the shy, nervous, lean, uncouth and ugly boy. No one could understand it, but it preyed upon his mind continually.

There was no more backward boy in the whole school than Phatik. He gaped and remained silent when the teacher asked him a question, and like an overladen ass patiently suffered all the blows that came down on his back. When other boys were out at play, he stood wistfully by the window and gazed at the roofs of the distant houses. And if by chance he espied children playing on the open terrace of any roof, his heart would ache with longing.

One day he summoned up all his courage and asked his uncle: 'Uncle, when can I go home?'

His uncle answered: 'Wait till the holidays come.'

But the holidays would not come till November and there was a long time still to wait.

One day Phatik lost his lesson book. Even with the help of books he had found it very difficult indeed to

prepare his lesson. Now it was impossible. Day after day the teacher would cane him unmercifully. His condition became so abjectly miserable that even his cousins were ashamed to own him. They began to jeer and insult him more than the other boys. He went to his aunt at last and told her that he had lost his book.

His aunt pursed her lips in contempt and said: 'You great clumsy, country lout! How can I afford, with all my family, to buy you new books five times a month?'

That night, on his way back from school, Phatik had a bad headache with a fit of shivering. He felt he was going to have an attack of malarial fever. His one great fear was that he would be a nuisance to his aunt.

The next morning Phatik was nowhere to be seen. All searches in the neighbourhood proved futile. The rain had been pouring in torrents all night, and those who went out in search of the boy got drenched through to the skin. At last Bishambar asked help from the police.

At the end of the day a police van stopped at the door before the house. It was still raining and the streets were all flooded. Two constables brought out Phatik in their arms and placed him before Bishambar. He was wet through from head to foot, muddy all over, his face and eyes flushed red with fever and his limbs trembling. Bishambar carried him in his arms and took him into the inner apartments. When his wife saw him she exclaimed: 'What a heap of trouble this boy has given us! Hadn't you better send him home?'

Phatik heard her words and sobbed out loud: 'Uncle, I was just going home; but they dragged me back again.'

The fever rose very high, and all that night the boy was delirious. Bishambar brought in a doctor. Phatik opened his eyes, flushed with fever, and looked up to the

ceiling and said vacantly: 'Uncle, have the holidays come yet? May I go home?'

Bishambar wiped the tears from his own eyes and took Phatik's lean and burning hands in his own and sat by him through the night. The boy began again to mutter. At last his voice became excited: 'Mother!' he cried, 'don't beat me like that . . . Mother! I am telling the truth.'

The next day Phatik became conscious for a short time. He turned his eyes about the room, as if expecting someone to come. At last, with an air of disappointment, his head sank back on the pillow. He turned his face to the wall with a deep sigh.

Bishambar knew his thoughts, and bending down his head whispered: 'Phatik, I have sent for your mother.'

The day went by. The doctor said in a troubled voice that the boy's condition was very critical.

Phatik began to cry out: 'By the mark—three fathoms. By the mark—four fathoms. By the mark—.' He had heard the sailor on the river-steamer calling out the mark on the lead. Now he was himself plumbing an unfathomable sea.

Later in the day Phatik's mother burst into the room like a whirlwind, and began to toss from side to side and moan and cry in a loud voice.

Bishambar tried to calm her agitation but she flung herself on the bed, and cried: 'Phatik, my darling, my darling.'

Phatik stopped his restless movements for a moment. His hands ceased beating up and down. He said 'Eh?'

The mother cried again: 'Phatik, my darling, my darling.'

Phatik very slowly turned his head and without seeing anybody said: 'Mother, the holidays have come.'

Rabindranath Tagore.

soon after my arrival, taken out of my Indian habit, refined, naturalised, and put into the British mode, with the face of Queen Elizabeth on one side and the arms of the country on the other. Being thus equipped, I found in me a wonderful inclination to ramble, and visit all parts of the new world into which I was brought. The people very much favoured my natural disposition, and shifted me so fast from hand to hand, that before I was five years old, I had travelled into almost every corner of the nation. But in the beginning of my sixth year, to my unspeakable grief, I fell into the hands of a miserable old fellow, who clapped me into an iron chest, where I found five hundred more of my own quality who lay under the same confinement. The only relief we had, was to be taken out and counted over in the fresh air every morning and evening. After an imprisonment of several years, we heard somebody knocking at our chest, and breaking it open with a hammer. This we found was the old man's heir, who, as his father lay a-dying, was so good as to come to our release: he separated us that very day. What was the fate of my companions I know not; as for myself, I was sent to the apothecary's shop for a pint of sack. The apothecary gave me to an herb-woman, the herb-woman to a butcher, the butcher to a brewer, and the brewer to his wife, who made a present of me to a non-conformist preacher. After this manner I made my way merrily through the world for as I told you before, we shillings love nothing so much as travelling. I sometimes fetched in a shoulder of mutton, sometimes a play-book, and often had the satisfaction to treat a Templar at a twelvepenny ordinary, or carry him, with three friends, to Westminster Hall.

"In the midst of this pleasant progress which I made from place to place, I was arrested by a superstitious old

kitchen and two bedrooms. That is the way for a house to open! Why don't all houses open like that? How much more exciting than peering through the slit of a door into a mean little hall with a hatstand and two umbrellas! That is—*isn't it?*—what you long to know about a house when you put your hand on the knocker.

"O—oh!" The Burnell children sounded as though they were in despair. It was too marvellous; it was too much for them. They had never seen anything like it in their lives. All the rooms were papered. There were pictures on the walls, painted on the paper, with gold frames complete. Red carpet covered all the floors except the kitchen: red plush chairs in the drawing-room, green in the dining-room; tables, beds with real bedclothes, a cradle, a stove, a dresser with tiny plates and one big jug. But what Kezia liked more than anything, what she liked frightfully, was the lamp. It stood in the middle of the dining-room table, an exquisite little lamp with a white globe. It was even filled all ready for lighting, though, of course, you couldn't light it. But there was something inside that looked like oil and moved when you shook it.

The father and mother dolls, who sprawled very stiff as though they had fainted in the drawing-room, and their two little children asleep upstairs, were really too big for the doll's house. But the lamp was perfect. It seemed to smile at Kezia, to say, "I live here." The lamp was real.

The Burnell children could hardly walk to school fast enough the next morning. They burned to tell everybody, to describe, to—well—to boast about their doll's house before the school-bell rang.

"I'm to tell," said Isabel, "because I'm the eldest. And you two can join in after. But I'm to tell first."

There was nothing to answer. Isabel was bossy, but she was always right, and Lottie and Kezia knew too well the powers that went with being eldest. They brushed through the thick buttercups at the road edge and said nothing.

"And I'm to choose who's to come and see it first. Mother said I might."

For it had been arranged that while the doll's house stood in the courtyard they might ask the girls at school, two at a time, to come and look. Not to stay to tea, of course, or to come trapezing through the house. But just to stand quietly in the courtyard while Isabel pointed out the beauties, and Lottie and Kezia looked pleased. . . .

But hurry as they might, by the time they had reached the barred palings of the boys' playground the bell had begun to jangle. They only just had time to whip off their hats and fall into line before the roll was called. Never mind. Isabel tried to make up for it by looking very important and mysterious and by whispering behind her hand to the girls near her, "Got something to tell you at playtime."

Playtime came and Isabel was surrounded. The girls of her class nearly fought to put their arms round her, to walk away with her, to beam flatteringly, to be her special friend. She held quite a court under the huge pine trees at the side of the playground. Nudging, giggling together, the little girls pressed up close. And the only two who stayed outside the ring were the two who were always outside, the little Kelveys. They knew better than to come anywhere near the Burnells.

For the fact was, the school the Burnell children went to was not at all the kind of place their parents would have chosen if there had been any choice. But there was none. It was the only school for miles. And the consequence was, all the children of the neighbourhood, the judge's little girls, the doctor's daughters, the storekeeper's children, the milkman's, were forced to mix together. Not to speak of there being an equal number of rude, rough little boys as well. But the line had to be drawn somewhere. It was drawn at the Kelveys. Many of the children, including the Burnells, were not allowed even to speak to them. They walked past the Kelveys with their heads in the air, and as they set the fashion in all matters of behaviour, the Kelveys were shunned by everybody. Even the teacher had a special voice for them and a special smile for other children when Lil Kelvey came up to her desk with a bunch of dreadfully common-looking flowers.

They were the daughters of a spry, hardworking little washerwoman, who went about from house to house by the day. This was awful enough. But where was Mr. Kelvey? Nobody knew for certain. But everybody said he was in prison. So they were the daughters of a washerwoman and a gaolbird. Very nice company for other people's children! And they looked it. Why Mrs. Kelvey made them so conspicuous was hard to understand. The truth was they were dressed in "bits" given to her by the people for whom she worked. Lil was a stout, plain child, with big freckles. And her little sister Our Else, was a tiny wishbone of a child, with cropped hair and enormous solemn eyes—a little white owl. Nobody had ever seen her smile; she scarcely ever spoke. She went through life holding on to Lil, with a piece of Lil's skirt screwed up in her hand. When Lil went, Our

the fame of it spread. It became the one subject, the rage. The one question was, "Have you seen Burnell's doll's house? Oh, ain't it lovely!" "Haven't you seen it? Oh, I say!"

Even the dinner hour was given up to talking about it. The little girls sat under the pines eating their thick mutton sandwiches and big slabs of Johnny Cake spread with butter. While always, as near as they could get, sat the Kelveys, Our Else holding on to Lil, listening too, while they chewed their jam sandwiches out of a newspaper.

"Mother," said Kezia, "Can't I ask the Kelveys just once?"

"Certainly not, Kezia."

"But why not?"

"Run away, Kezia; you know quite well why not."

At last everybody had seen it except them. On that day the subject rather flagged. It was the dinner hour. The children stood together under the pine trees, and suddenly, as they looked at the Kelveys eating out of their paper, always by themselves, always listening, they wanted to be horrid to them. Emmie Cole started the whisper.

"Lil Kelvey's going to be a servant when she grows up."

"O—oh, how awful!" said Isabel Burnell, and she made eyes at Emmie.

Emmie swallowed in a very meaning way and nodded to Isabel as she'd seen her mother do on those occasions.

"It's true—it's true—it's true," she said.

Then Lena Logan's little eye snapped. "Shall I ask her?" She whispered.

see that one was in front and one close behind. Now she could see that they were the Kelveys. Kezia stopped swinging. She slipped off the gate as if she was going to run away. Then she hesitated. The Kelveys came nearer, and beside them walked their shadows, very long, stretching right across the road with their heads in the buttercups. Kezia clambered back on the gate; she had made up her mind; she swung out.

"Hullo," she said to the passing Kelveys.

They were so astounded that they stopped.

Lil gave her silly smile. Our Else stared.

"You can come and see our doll's house if you want to," said Kezia, and she dragged one toe on the ground. But at that Lil turned red and shook her head quickly.

"Why not?" asked Kezia.

Lil gasped, then she said, "your ma told our ma you wasn't to speak to us."

"Oh well," said Kezia. She didn't know what to reply. "It doesn't matter. You can come and see our doll's house all the same. Come on. Nobody's looking."

But Lil shook her head still harder.

"Don't you want to?" asked Kezia.

Suddenly there was a twitch, a tug at Lil's skirt. She turned round. Our Else was looking at her with big imploring eyes; she was frowning; she wanted to go. For a moment Lil looked at Our Else very doubtfully. But then Our Else twitched her skirt again. She started forward. Kezia led the way. Like two little stray cats they followed across the courtyard to where the doll's house stood.

Presently Our Else nudged up close to her sister. But now she had forgotten the cross lady. She put out a finger and stroked her sister's hat; she smiled her rare smile.

" I seen the little lamp," she said softly.

Then both were silent once more.

Katherine Mansfield.

woman, who shut me up in a greasy purse, in pursuance of a foolish saying, 'That while she kept a Queen Elizabeth's shilling about her, she should never be without money.' I continued here a close prisoner for many months, till at last I was exchanged for eight and forty farthings.

"I thus rambled from pocket to pocket till the beginnings of the Civil Wars, when, to my shame be it spoken, I was employed in raising soldiers against the king; for being of a very tempting breadth, a sergeant made use of me to inveigle country fellows, and list them in the service of the parliament.

"After many adventures, which it would be tedious to relate, I was sent to a young spend-thrift in company with the will of his deceased father. The young fellow, who I found was very extravagant, gave great demonstrations of joy at the receiving of the will: but opening it, he found himself disinherited and cut off from the possession of a fair estate, by virtue of my being made a present to him. This put him into such a passion, that after having taken me in his hand, and cursed me, he squirred me away from him as far as he could fling me. I chanced to light in an unfrequented place under a dead wall, where I lay undiscovered and useless, during the usurpation of Oliver Cromwell.

"About a year after the king's return, a poor cavalier that was walking there about dinner-time, fortunately cast his eye upon me, and, to the great joy of us both, carried me to a cook's shop, where he dined upon me, and drank the king's health. When I came again into the world, I found that I had been happier in my retirement than I thought, having probably, by that means, escaped wearing a monstrous pair of breeches.

XIII

RANA PRATAP AND THE BATTLE OF HALDIGHAT

Pratap succeeded to the titles and renown of an illustrious house, but without a capital, without resources, his kindred and clans dispirited by reverses: yet possessed of the noble spirit of his race, he meditated the recovery of Chitore, the vindication of the honour of his house, and the restoration of its power. Elevated with this design, he hurried into conflict with his powerful antagonist, nor stooped to calculate the means which were opposed to him. Accustomed to read in his country's annals the splendid deeds of his forefathers, and that Chitore had more than once been the prison of their foes, he trusted that the revolutions of fortune might co-operate with his own efforts to overturn the unstable throne of Delhi. The reasoning was as just as it was noble; but whilst he gave loose to those lofty aspirations which meditated liberty to Mewar, his crafty opponent was counteracting his views by a scheme of policy which, when disclosed, filled his heart with anguish. The wily Mogul arrayed against Pratap his kindred in faith as well as blood. The princes of Marwar, Amber, Bikaner, and even Bundi, late his firm ally, took part with Akbar and upheld despotism. Nay, even his own brother, Sagarji, deserted him, and received, as the price of his treachery, the ancient capital of his race, and the title which that possession conferred.

But the magnitude of the peril confirmed the fortitude of Pratap, who vowed, in the words of the bard, "to make his mother's milk resplendent;" and he amply

redeemed his pledge. Single-handed, for a quarter of a century did he withstand the combined efforts of the Empire; at one time carrying the destruction into the plains, at another flying from rock to rock, feeding his family from the fruits of his native hills, and rearing the nursling hero Amra, amidst savage beasts and scarce less savage men, a fit heir to his prowess and revenge. The bare idea that "the son of Bappa Rawal should bow the head to mortal man," was insupportable; and he spurned every overture which had submission for its basis, or the degradation of uniting his family by marriage with the Tartar, though lord of countless multitudes.

The brilliant acts he achieved during the period live in every valley; they are enshrined in the heart of every true Rajput, and many are recorded in the annals of the conquerors. To recount them all, and relate the hardships he sustained, would be to pen what they would pronounce a romance which had not traversed the country where tradition is yet eloquent with his exploits, or conversed with the descendants of his chiefs, who cherish a recollection of the deeds of their forefathers, and melt, as they recite them, into manly tears.

Pratap was nobly supported; and though wealth and fortune tempted the fidelity of his chiefs, not one was found base enough to abandon him. The sons of Jaimall shed their blood in his cause, along with the successors of Palta—the house of Salumbar redoubled the claims of Chonda to fidelity; and these five lustres of adversity are the brightest in the chequered page of the history of Mewar. Nay, some chiefs, attracted by the very desperation of his fortunes, pressed to his standard, to combat and die with Pratap. Amongst these was the Delwara chief, whose devotion gained him the prince's 'right hand.'

To commemorate the desolation of Chitore, which the bardic historian represents as a 'widow' despoiled of the ornaments to her loveliness, Pratap interdicted to himself and his successors every article of luxury and pomp, until the insignia of her glory should be redeemed. The gold and silver dishes were laid aside for pattras of leaves; their beds henceforth of straw, and their boards left untouched. But in order more distinctly to mark their fallen fortune and stimulate to its recovery, he commanded that the martial *nakkaras*, which always sounded in the van of battle or processions, should follow in the rear. This last sign of the depression of Mewar still survives; the beard is still untouched by the shears; and even in the subterfuge by which the patriot king's behest is set aside, we have a tribute to his memory: for though his descendant eats off gold and silver, and sleeps upon bed, he places the leaves beneath the one and straw under the other.

Often was Pratap heard to exclaim, "Had Udai Singh never been, or none intervened between him and Sanga Rana, no Turk should ever have given laws to Rajasthan." Hindu society had assumed a new form within the century preceding: the wrecks of dominion from the Jumna and Ganges had been silently growing into importance; and Amber and Marwar had attained such power, that the latter single-handed coped with the imperial Sher Shah; while numerous minor chieftains were attaining shape and strength on both sides of the Chambal. A prince of commanding genius alone was wanting, to snatch the sceptre of dominion from the Islamite. Such a leader they found in Sanga, who possessed every quality which extorts spontaneous obedience, and the superiority of whose birth, as well as dignity, were admitted without cavil, from the Himalaya to Rames-

waram. These States had powerful motives to obey such a leader, in the absence of whom their ancient patrimony was lost; and such they would have found renewed in Sanga's grandson, Pratap, had Udai Singh not existed, or had a less gifted sovereign than Akbar been his contemporary.

With the aid of some chiefs of judgment and experience, Pratap remodelled his government, adapting it to the exigencies of the times and to his slender resources. New grants were issued, with regulations defining the service required. Kumbhalmer, now the seat of government, was strengthened, as well as Gogunda and other mountain fortresses; and, being unable to keep the field in the plains of Mewar, he followed the system of his ancestors, and commanded his subjects, on pain of death, to retire into the mountains. During the protracted contest, the fertile tracts watered by the Banas and the Berach, from the Aravalli chain west to the eastern tableland, were *be chiragh*, 'without lamp'.

Many tales are related of the unrelenting severity, with which Pratap enforced obedience to this stern policy. Frequently, with a few horse, he issued forth to see that his commands were obeyed. The silence of the desert prevailed in the plains; grass had usurped the place of the waving corn; the highways were choked with the thorny babul, and beasts of prey made their abode in the habitations of his subjects. In the midst of this desolation, a single goatherd, trusting to elude observation, disobeyed his prince's injunction, and pastured his flock in the luxuriant meadows of Untala, on the banks of the Banas. After a few questions, he was killed and hung up *in terrorem*. By such patriotic severity Pratap rendered 'the garden of Rajasthan' of no value to the conqueror, and the commerce already established between

the Mogul court and Europe, conveyed through Mewar from Surat and other ports, was intercepted and plundered.

Akbar took the field against the Rajput prince, establishing his headquarters at Ajmer. . . . Prince Salim, the heir of Delhi, led the war, guided by the counsels of Raja Man and the distinguished apostate Son of Sagarji, Mahabat Khan. Pratap trusted to his native hills and the valour of twenty-two thousand Rajputs to withstand the son of Akbar. The divisions of the royal army encountered as they approached the chief pass which conducted to the vulnerable part of this intricate country.

The range to which Pratap was restricted was the mountainous region around, though chiefly to the west of the new capital. From North to South, Kumbhalmer to Rakhabhnath, about eighty miles in length and in breadth, from Mirpur west to the Satola east, about the same. The whole of this space is mountain and forest, valley and stream. The approaches to the capital from every point to the North, West, and South are so narrow as to merit the term of defile; on each side lofty perpendicular rocks, with scarcely breadth for two carriages abreast, across which are those ramparts of nature termed col in the mountain scenery of Europe, which occasionally open into spaces sufficiently capacious to encamp a large force. Such was the plain of Haldighat, at the base of a neck of mountain which shut up the valley and rendered it almost inaccessible. Above and below the Rajputs were posted, and on the cliffs and pinnacles overlooking the field of battle, the faithful aborigines, the Bhil, with his natural weapon the bow and arrow, and huge stones ready to roll upon the combatant enemy.

t this pass Pratap was posted with the flower of war, and glorious was the struggle for its mainten-ce. Clan after clan followed with desperate intrepi-y, emulating the daring of their Prince, who led the imson banner into the hottest part of the field. In vain e strained every nerve to encounter Raja Man; but hough denied the luxury of revenge on his Rajput foe, he made good a passage to where Salim commanded. His guards fell before Pratap, and but for the steel plates which defended his howda, the lance of the Rajput would have deprived Akbar of his heir. His steed, the gallant Chetak, nobly seconded his lord, and is repre-sented in all the historical drawings of this battle with one foot raised upon the elephant of the Mogul, while his rider has his lance propelled against his foe. The conductor, destitute of the means of defence, was slain when the infuriated animal, now without control, carrie off Salim. On this spot the carnage was immense: th Moguls eager to defend Salim; the heroes of Mewar second their prince, who had already received sev wounds. Marked by the 'royal umbrella', which would not lay aside, and which collected the migh the enemy against him, Pratap was thrice rescued f amidst the foe, and was at length nearly overwhel when the Jhala chief gave a signal instance of fid and extricated him with the loss of his own life. seized upon the insignia of Mewar, and rearing the sun' over his own head, made good his way to a cate position, drawing after him the brunt of the while his prince was forced from the field. With brave vassals the noble Jhala fell; and in reme of the deed, his descendants have, since the Haldighat, borne the regal ensigns of Me

enjoyed 'the right hand of her princes.' But this desperate valour was unavailing against such a force, with a numerous field artillery and a dromedary corps mounting swivels; and of twenty-two thousand Rajputs assembled on that day for the defence of Haldighat, only eight thousand quitted the field alive.

James Tod.

XIV

THE IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS

The House was thunderstruck; and it well might be so. For the wrong done to Cheyte Sing, even had it been as flagitious as Fox and Francis contended, was a trifle when compared with the horrors which had been inflicted on Rohilcund. The general astonishment was the greater, because, only twenty-four hours before, the members on whom the Ministers could depend had received the usual notes from the Treasury, begging them to be in their places and to vote against Mr. Fox's motion. It was asserted by Mr. Hastings that, early on the morning of the very day on which the debate took place, Dundas called on Pitt, woke him, and was closeted with him for many hours. The result of this conference was a determination to give up the late Governor-General to the vengeance of the opposition. It was impossible even for the most powerful minister to carry all his followers with him in so strange a course. Several persons high in office, the Attorney-General, Mr. Grenvile and Lord Mulgrave, divided against Mr. Pitt. But the devoted adherents who stood by the head of the government without asking questions, were sufficiently numerous to turn the scale. A hundred and nineteen members vote for Mr. Fox's motion; seventy-nine against it. Dundas silently followed Pitt.

The prorogation soon interrupted the discussions respecting Hastings. In the following year, those discussions were resumed. The charge touching the spoliation of the Begums was brought forward by Sheridan, in a speech which was so imperfectly reported that it may be

said to be wholly lost, but which was, without doubt, the most elaborately brilliant of all the productions of his ingenious mind. The impression which it produced was such as has never been equalled. He sat down, not merely amidst cheering, but amidst the loud clapping of hands, in which the Lords below the bar and the strangers in the gallery joined. The excitement of the House was such that no other speaker could obtain a hearing; and the debate was adjourned. The ferment spread fast through the town. Within four and twenty hours, Sheridan was offered a thousand pounds for the copyright of the speech, if he would himself correct it for the press. The impression made by this remarkable display of eloquence on severe and experienced critics, whose discernment may be supposed to have been quickened by emulation, was deep and permanent. Mr. Windham, twenty years later, said that the speech deserved all its fame, and was, in spite of some faults of taste, such as were seldom wanting either in the literary or in the parliamentary performances of Sheridan, the finest that had been delivered within the memory of man. Mr. Fox, about the same time, being asked by the late Lord Holland what was the best speech ever made in the House of Commons, assigned the first place, without hesitation, to the great oration of Sheridan on the Oude Charge.

When the debate was resumed, the tide ran so strongly against the accused that his friends were coughed and scraped down. Pitt declared himself for Sheridan's motion; and the question was carried by a hundred and seventy-five votes against sixty-eight.

The opposition, flushed with victory and strongly supported by the public sympathy, proceeded to bring forward a succession of charges relating chiefly to pecuniary

transactions. The friends of Hastings were discouraged, and, having now no hope of being able to avert an impeachment, were not very strenuous in their exertions. At length the House, having agreed to twenty articles of charge, directed Burke to go before the Lords, and to impeach the late Governor-General of High Crimes and Misdemeanours. Hastings was at the same time arrested by the Sergeant-at-arms, and carried to the bar of the Peers.

The session was now within ten days of its close. It was, therefore, impossible that any progress could be made in the trial till the next year. Hastings was admitted to bail; and further proceedings were postponed till the House should reassemble.

When Parliament met in the following winter, the Commons proceeded to elect a committee for managing the impeachment. Burke stood at the head; and with him were associated most of the leading members of the opposition. But when the name of Francis was read, a fierce contention arose. It was said that Francis and Hastings were notoriously on bad terms, that they had been at feud for many years, that on one occasion their mutual aversion had impelled them to seek each other's lives, and that it would be improper and indelicate to select a private enemy to be a public accuser. It was urged on the other side with great force, particularly by Mr. Windham, that impartiality, though the first duty of a Judge, had never been reckoned among the qualities of an advocate; that in the ordinary administration of criminal justice among the English, the aggrieved party, the very last person who ought to be admitted into the Jury-box, is the prosecutor; that what was wanted in a manager was, not that he should be free from bias, but that he should be able, well-informed, energetic and

"Being now of great credit and antiquity, I was rather looked upon as a medal than an ordinary coin; for which reason a gamester laid hold of me, and converted me to a counter, having got together some dozens of us for that use. We led a melancholy life in his possession, being busy at those hours wherein current coin is at rest, and partaking the fate of our master, being in a few moments valued at a crown, a pound, or a sixpence, according to the situation in which the fortune of the cards placed us. I had at length the good luck to see my master break, by which means I was again sent abroad under my primitive denomination of a shilling.

"I shall pass over many other accidents of less moment, and hasten to that fatal catastrophe, when I fell into the hands of an artist, who conveyed me underground, and with an unmerciful pair of shears, cut off my titles, clipped my brims, retrenched my shape, rubbed me to my inmost ring, and, in short so spoiled and pillaged me, that he did not leave me worth a groat. You may think what a confusion I was in, to see myself thus curtailed and disfigured. I should have been ashamed to have shown my head, had not all my old acquaintance been reduced to the same shameful figure, excepting some few that were punched through the belly. In the midst of this general calamity, when everybody thought our misfortune irretrievable, and our case desperate, we were thrown into the furnace together, and (as it often happens with the cities rising out of a fire) appeared with greater beauty and lustre than we could ever boast of before. What has happened to me since this change of sex which you now see, I shall take some other opportunity to relate. In the meantime, I shall only repeat two adventures, as being very extraordinary, and neither of them having ever happened to me above once in my life. The first

active. The ability and information of Francis were admitted; and the very animosity with which he was reproached, whether a virtue or a vice, was at least a pledge for his energy and activity. It seems difficult to refute these arguments. But the inveterate hatred borne by Francis to Hastings had excited general disgust. The House decided that Francis should not be a manager. Pitt voted with the majority, Dundas with the minority.

In the meantime, the preparations for the trial had proceeded rapidly, and, on the thirteenth of February, 1788, the sittings of the Court commenced. There have been spectacles more dazzling to the eye, more gorgeous with jewellery and cloth of gold, more attractive to grown-up children, than that which was then exhibited at Westminster; but, perhaps, there never was a spectacle so well calculated to strike a highly cultivated, a reflecting, and imaginative mind. All the various kinds of interest which belong to the near and to the distant, to the present and to the past, were collected on one spot, and in one hour. All the talents and all the accomplishments which are developed by liberty and civilization, were now displayed, with every advantage that could be derived from both co-operation and from contrast. Every step in the proceedings carried the mind either backward, through many troubled centuries, to the days when the foundations of our constitution were laid, or far away, over boundless seas and deserts, to dusky nations living under strange stars, worshipping strange gods, and writing strange characters from right to left. The High Court of Parliament was to sit, according to forms handed down from the days of the Plantagenets, on an Englishman accused of exercising tyranny over the lord of the holy city of Benares, and over the ladies of the princely house of Oude.

The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus, the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings, the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon and the just absolution of Somers, the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment, the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame. Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshalled by the heralds under Garter King-at-arms. The judges in their vestments of State attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy lords, three-fourths of the Upper House, as the upper House then was, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The junior baron present led the way, George Eliot, Lord Heathfield, recently ennobled for his memorable defence of Gibraltar against the fleets and armies of France and Spain. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of the realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and sons of the king. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing. The grey old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by an audience such as has rarely excited the fear or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened and prosperous Empire, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representative of every science and of every art. There were seated round the queen the fair-haired young daughters of the house of Brunswick. There the

Ambassadors of great Kings and Commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres, and when, before a Senate which still retained some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa. There were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds, from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labours in the dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition, a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation, but still precious, massive and splendid. There appeared the voluptuous charms of her to whom the heir of the throne had in secret plighted his faith. There, too, was she, the beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the Saint Cecilia whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has rescued from the common decay. There were the members of that brilliant society which quoted, criticised and exchanged repartees, under the rich peacock-hangings of Mrs. Montague. And there, among the ladies whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against palace and treasury, shone round Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire.

The sergeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced to the bar, and knelt his knee. The culprit was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. He had

ruled an extensive and populous country, had made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes. And in his high place he had so borne himself, that all had feared him, and that most had loved him, that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory, except virtue. He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man. A person small and emaciated yet deriving dignity from a carriage which while it indicated deference to the court, indicated also habitual self-possession and self-respect, a high and intellectual forehead, a brow pensive, but not gloomy, a mouth of inflexible decision, a face pale and worn, but serene, on which was written as legibly as under the picture in the Council-Chamber at Calcutta, mens aequa in arduis, such was the aspect with which the great pro-consul presented himself to his Judges.

His counsels accompanied him, men, all of whom were afterwards raised by their talents and learning to the highest posts in their profession, the bold and strong-minded Law, afterwards Chief Justice of the King's Bench, the more humane and eloquent Dallas, afterwards Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; and Plomer who, nearly twenty years later, successfully conducted in the same High Court the defence of Lord Melville, and subsequently became Vice-Chancellor and Master of the Rolls.

But neither the culprit nor his advocates attracted so much notice as the accusers. In the midst of the blaze of red drapery, a space had been fitted up with green benches and tables for the Commons. The Managers, with Burke at their head, appeared in full dress. The collectors of gossip did not fail to remark that even Fox, generally regardless of his appearance, had paid to the illustrious tribunal the compliment of wearing a bag and sword. Pitt

had refused to be one of the conductors of the impeachment; and his commanding, copious and sonorous eloquence was wanting to that great muster of various talents. Age and blindness had unfitted Lord North for the duties of a public prosecutor; and his friends were left without the help of his excellent sense, his tact and his urbanity. But, in spite of the absence of these two distinguished members of the Lower House, the box in which the managers stood contained an array of speakers such as perhaps had not appeared together since the great age of Athenian eloquence. There were Fox and Sheridan, the English Demosthenes and the English Hyperides.

and richness of imagination superior to every orator, ancient or modern. There, with eyes reverentially fixed on Burke, appeared the finest gentleman of the age, his form developed by every manly exercise, his face beaming with intelligence and spirit, the ingenious, the chivalrous, the high-souled Windham. Nor, though surrounded by such men, did the youngest manager pass unnoticed. At an age when most of those who distinguish themselves in life are still contending for prizes and fellowships at college, he had won for himself a conspicuous place in Parliament. No advantage of fortune or connection was wanting that could set off to the height his splendid talents and his unblemished honour. At twenty-three he had been thought worthy to be ranked with the veteran statesmen who appeared as the delegates of the British Commons, at the bar of the British nobility. All who stood at that bar, save him alone, are gone—culprits, advocates, accusers. To the generation which is now in the vigour of life, he is the sole representative of a great age which

has passed away. But those who, within the last ten years, have listened with delight, till the morning sun shone on the tapestries of the House of Lords, to the lofty and animated eloquence of Charles Earl Grey, are able to form some estimate of the powers of a race of men among whom he was not the foremost.

The charges and the answers of Hastings were first read. The ceremony occupied two whole days, and was rendered less tedious than it would otherwise have been by the silver voice and just emphasis of Cowper, the clerk of the court, a near relation of the amiable poet. On the third day Burke rose. Four sittings were occupied by his opening speech, which was intended to be a general introduction to all the charges. With an exuberance of thought and a splendour of diction which more than satisfied the highly raised expectation of the audience, he described the character and institutions of the natives of India, recounted the circumstances in which the Asiatic Empire of Britain had originated, and set forth the constitution of the company and of the English Presidencies. Having thus attempted to communicate to his hearers an idea of Eastern society, as vivid as that which existed in his own mind, he proceeded to arraign the administration of Hastings as systematically conducted in defiance of morality and public law. The energy and pathos of the great orator extorted expressions of unwonted admiration from the stern and hostile chancellor, and, for a moment, seemed to pierce even the resolute heart of the defendant. The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, and, perhaps, not unwilling to display their taste and sensibility, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion. Handkerchiefs were pulled out; smelling-bottles were handed round; hysterical sobs and

screams were heard; and Mrs. Sheridan was carried out in a fit. At length the orator concluded. Raising his voice till the old arches of Irish oak resounded, "Therefore," said he, "hath it with all confidence been ordered by the Commons of Great Britain, that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanours. I impeach him in the name of the Commons' House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honour he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all."

T. B. Macaulay.

XV

JOHNSON AT SCHOOL

He was first taught to read English by Dame Oliver, a widow, who kept a school for young children in Lichfield. When he was going to Oxford, she came to take leave of him, brought him, in the simplicity of her kindness, a present of gingerbread, and said he was the best scholar she ever had. He delighted in mentioning this early compliment; adding, with a smile, that "this was as high a proof of his merit as he could conceive."

He began to learn Latin with Mr. Hawkins, usher or under-master of Lichfield school, "a man," said he, "very skilful in his little way." With him he continued two years, and then rose to be under the care of Mr. Hunter, the head master, who, according to his account, "was very severe, and wrongheadedly severe. He used," said he, "to beat us unmercifully; and he did not distinguish between ignorance and negligence: for he would beat a boy equally for not knowing a thing, as for neglecting to know it. He would ask a boy a question, and if he did not answer it, he would beat him, without considering whether he had an opportunity of knowing how to answer it. For instance, he would call up a boy and ask him Latin for a candlestick, which the boy could not expect to be asked. Now, sir, if a boy could answer every question, there would be no need of a master to teach him."

It is, however, but justice to mention that Johnson was very sensible how much he owed to Mr. Hunter. Mr. Langton one day asked him, how he had acquired so

accurate a knowledge of Latin, in which, I believe, he was exceeded by no man of his time: he said, "My master whipt me very well. Without that, Sir, I should have done nothing." He told Mr. Langton, that while Hunter was flogging his boys unmercifully, he used to say, "And this I do to save you from the gallows." Johnson, upon all occasions, expressed his approbation of enforcing instruction by means of the rod. "I would rather," said he, "have the rod to be the general terror to all, to make them learn, than tell a child if you do thus or thus, you will be more esteemed than your brothers or sisters. The rod produces an effect which terminates in itself. A child is afraid of being whipped, and gets his risk, and there's an end on it; whereas, by exciting emulation and comparisons of superiority, you lay the foundation of lasting mischief; you make brothers and sisters hate each other."

That superiority over his fellows, which he maintained with so much dignity in his march through life, was not assumed from vanity and ostentation, but was the natural and constant effect of those extraordinary powers of mind, of which he could not but be conscious by comparison; the intellectual difference, which in other cases of comparison of characters is often a matter of undecided contest, being as clear in his case as the superiority of stature in some men above others. From his earliest years, his superiority was perceived and acknowledged. He was from the beginning a king of men. His school-fellow, Mr. Hector, assured me that he never knew him corrected at school, but for talking and diverting other boys from their business. He seemed to learn by intuition; for though indolence and procrastination were inherent in his constitution, whenever he made an exertion he [illegible] more than any one else.

His favourites used to receive very liberal assistance from him; and such was the submission and deference with which he was treated, such the desire to obtain his regard, that three of the boys, of whom Mr. Hector was sometimes one, used to come in the morning as his humble attendants, and carry him to school. One in the middle stooped, while he sat upon his back, and one on each side supported him; and thus he was borne triumphant. Such a proof of the early predominance of intellectual vigour is very remarkable, and does honour to human nature.

He never joined with the other boys in their ordinary diversions; his only amusement was in winter, when he took a pleasure in being drawn upon the ice by a boy bare-footed, who pulled him along by a garter fixed round him; no very easy operation, as his size was remarkably large. His defective sight, indeed, prevented him from enjoying the common sports; and he once pleasantly remarked to me, "how wonderfully well he had contrived to be idle without them."

Johnson was, at the age of fifteen, removed to the school of Stourbridge, in Worcestershire. He remained at Stourbridge little more than a year, and then returned home, where he passed two years in what he thought idleness, and was scolded by his father for his want of steady application. Yet he read a great deal in a desultory manner. He used to mention one curious instance of his casual reading, when but a boy. Having imagined that his brother had hid some apples behind a large folio upon an upper shelf in his father's shop, he climbed up to search for them. There were no apples; but the large folio proved to be Petrarch, whom he had seen mentioned as one of the restorers of learning. His curiosity having been thus excited, he sat down with avidity and read a

was, my being in a pocket's pocket, who was so taken with the brightness and novelty of my appearance, that it gave occasion to the finest burlesque poem in the British language, entitled from me, 'The Splendid Shilling.' The second adventure, which I must not omit, happened to me in the year 1703, when I was given away in charity to a blind man; but indeed this was by a mistake, the person who gave me having heedlessly thrown me into the hat among a pennyworth of farthings."

Joseph Addison.

great part of the book. What he read during these two years, he told me, was not works of mere amusement, “ not voyages and travels, but all literature, Sir, all ancient [illegible]

added he, “ I had looked into a great many books, which were not commonly known at the universities, where they seldom read any books but what are put into their hands by their tutors; so that when I came to Oxford, Dr. Adams, now master of Pembroke College, told me, I was the best qualified for the university that he had ever known come there.”

That a man in Mr. Michael Johnson's circumstances should think of sending his son to the expensive university of Oxford at his own charge, seems very improbable. The subject was too delicate to question Johnson upon: but I have been assured by Dr. Taylor, that the scheme never would have taken place, had not a gentleman of Shropshire, one of his schoolfellows, spontaneously undertaken to support him at Oxford, in the character of his companion; though, in fact, he never received any assistance whatever from that gentleman.

He, however, went to Oxford, and was entered a commoner of Pembroke College, on the 31st of October, 1728, being then in his nineteenth year.

The Reverend Dr. Adams, who afterwards presided over Pembroke College with universal esteem, was present, and gave me some account of what passed on the night of Johnson's arrival at Oxford. On that evening, his father, who had anxiously accompanied him, found means to have him introduced to Mr. Jorden, who was to be his tutor. His father seemed very full of the merits of his son, and told the company he was a good [illegible] r,

and a poet, and wrote Latin verses. His figure and manner appeared strange to them; but he behaved modestly, and sat silent, till upon something which occurred in the course of conversation, he suddenly struck in and quoted Macrobius; and thus he gave the first impression of that more extensive reading in which he had indulged himself.

His tutor, Mr. Jorden, fellow of Pembroke, was not, it seems, a man of such abilities as we should conceive requisite for the instructor of Samuel Johnson, who gave me the following account of him: "He was a very worthy man, but a heavy man; and I did not profit much by his instructions. Indeed, I did not attend him much. The first day after I came to college I waited for him, and then stayed away four. On the sixth, Mr. Jorden asked me why I had not attended. I answered, I had been sliding in Christ Church meadow. And this I said with as much *nonchalance* as I am now talking to you. I had no notion that I was wrong or irreverent to my tutor."—Boswell. "That, Sir, was great fortitude of mind."—Johnson. "No, Sir; stark insensibility." He had a love and respect for Jorden, not for his literature, but for his worth. "Whenever," said he, "a young man becomes Jorden's pupil, he becomes his son."

The "morbid melancholy," which was lurking in his constitution, and to which we may ascribe those particularities, and that aversion to regular life, which at a very early period marked his character, gathered such strength in his twentieth year, as to afflict him in a dreadful manner. While he was at Lichfield, in the college vacation of the year 1729, he felt himself overwhelmed with a horrible hypochondria, with perpetual irritation, fretfulness, and impatience; and with a dejection, gloom, and despair, which made existence misery. He was

sometimes so languid and inefficient, that he could not distinguish the hour upon the town-clock.

Johnson, upon the first violent attack of this disorder, strove to overcome it by forcible exertions. He frequently walked to Birmingham and back again, and tried many other expedients, but all in vain. His expression concerning it to me was, "I did not then know how to manage it." His distress became so intolerable, that he applied to Dr. Swinfen, physician in Lichfield, his godfather, and put into his hands a state of his case, written in Latin. But let not little men triumph upon knowing that Johnson was an Hypochondriac. Though he suffered severely from it, he was not therefore degraded. The powers of his great mind might be troubled, and their full exercise suspended at times; but the mind itself was ever entire.

The history of his mind as to religion is an important article. I have mentioned the early impressions made upon his tender imagination by his mother, who continued her pious cares with assiduity but, in his opinion, not with judgment. "Sunday," said he, "was a heavy day to me when I was a boy. My mother confined me on that day, and made me read 'The Whole Duty of Man,' from a great part of which I could derive no instruction. I fell into an inattention to religion, or an indifference about it, in my ninth year. The church at Lichfield, in which we had a seat, wanted reparation, so I was to go and find a seat in other churches; and having bad eyes, and being awkward about this, I used to go and read in the fields on Sunday. This habit continued till my fourteenth year; and still I find a great reluctance to go to church. I then became a sort of lax *talker* against religion, for I did not much *think* against it; and this lasted till I went to Oxford, where it would not be

suffered. When at Oxford, I took up 'Law's Serious Call to a Holy Life,' expecting to find it a dull book (as such books generally are), and perhaps to laugh at it. But I found Law quite an overmatch for me; and this was the first occasion of my thinking in earnest of religion, after I became capable of rational enquiry."

The particular course of his reading while at Oxford cannot be traced. He told me what he read *solidly* at Oxford was Greek; not the Grecian historians, but Homer and Euripides, and now and then a little Epigram; that the study of which he was the most fond was metaphysics, but he had not read much, even in that way. I always thought that he did himself injustice in his account of what he had read. Dr. Adam Smith once observed to me, that "Johnson knew more books than any man alive." He had a peculiar facility in seizing at once what was valuable in any book, without submitting to the labour of perusing it from beginning to end. He had, from the irritability of his constitution, at all times, an impatience and hurry when he either read or wrote. A certain apprehension arising from novelty made him write his first exercise at college twice over; but he never took that trouble with any other composition; and we shall see that his most excellent works were struck off at a heat, with rapid exertion.

Yet he appears, from his early notes or memorandums in my possession, to have at various times attempted, or at least planned, a methodical course of study, according to computation, of which he was all his life fond, as it fixed his attention steadily upon something without, and prevented his mind from preying upon itself. Thus I find in his hand-writing the number of lines in each of two of Euripides's "Tragedies," of the "Georgics" of Virgil, of the first six books of the "Aeneid," of Horace's

"Art of Poetry," of three of the books of Ovid's "Metamorphoses," of some parts of Theocritus, and of the tenth Satire of Juvenal; and a table, showing at the rate of various numbers a day (I suppose, verses to be read), what would be, in each case, the total amount in a week, month, and year.

No man had a more ardent love of literature, or a higher respect for it, than Johnson. His apartment in Pembroke College was that upon the second floor over the gateway. The enthusiast of learning will ever contemplate it with veneration. One day, while he was sitting in it quite alone, Dr. Panting, then master of the College, whom he called "a fine Jacobite fellow," overheard him uttering this soliloquy in his strong emphatic voice: "Well, I have a mind to see what is done in other places of learning. I'll go and visit the universities abroad. I'll go to France and Italy. I'll go to Padua. And I'll mind my business. For an *Athenian* blockhead is the worst of all blockheads."

James Boswell.

XVI

THE LADY OF SCUTARI

Miss Nightingale arrived at Scutari—a suburb of Constantinople, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus—on November 4th, 1854; it was ten days after the battle of Balaclava, and the day before the battle of Inkerman. The organisation of the hospitals, which had already given way under the stress of the battle of the Alma, was now to be subjected to the further pressure which these two desperate and bloody engagements implied. Great detachments of wounded were already beginning to pour in. The men, after receiving such summary treatment as could be given them at the smaller hospitals in the Crimea itself, were forthwith shipped in batches of 200 across the Black Sea to Scutari. This voyage was in normal times one of four days and a half; but the times were no longer normal, and now the transit often lasted for a fortnight or three weeks. It received, not without reason, the name of the 'middle passage.' Between and sometimes on the decks, the wounded, the sick, and the dying were crowded—men who had just undergone the amputation of limbs, men in the clutches of fever or of frost-bite, men in the last stages of dysentery and cholera—without beds, sometimes without blankets, often hardly clothed. The one or two surgeons on board did what they could; but medical stores were lacking, and the only form of nursing available was that provided by a handful of invalid soldiers, who were usually themselves prostrate by the end of the voyage. There was no other food beside the ordinary salt rations of ship diet; and even the water was sometimes so stored that it was out

of reach of the weak. For many months, the average of deaths during these voyages was seventy-four in the 1,000; the corpses were shot out into the waters; and who shall say that they were the most unfortunate? At Scutari, the landing-stage, constructed with all the perverseness of Oriental ingenuity, could only be approached with great difficulty, and, in rough weather, not at all. When it was reached, what remained of the men in the ships had first to be disembarked, and then conveyed up a steep slope of a quarter of a mile to the nearest of the hospitals. The most serious cases might be put upon stretchers—for there were far too few for all; the rest were carried or dragged up the hill by such convalescent soldiers as could be got together, who were not too obviously infirm for the work. At last the journey was accomplished; slowly, one by one, living or dying, the wounded were carried up into the hospital. And in the hospital what did they find?

Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch'entrate: the delusive doors bore no such inscription; and yet behind them Hell yawned. Want, neglect, confusion, misery—in every shape and in every degree of intensity—filled the endless corridors and the vast apartments of the gigantic barrack-house, which, without forethought or preparation, had been hurriedly set aside as the chief shelter for the victims of the war. The very building itself was radically defective. Huge sewers underlay it, and cesspools loaded with filth wafted their poison into the upper rooms. The floors were in so rotten a condition that many of them could not be scrubbed; the walls were thick with dirt; incredible multitudes of vermin swarmed everywhere. And, enormous as the building was, it was yet too small. It contained four miles of beds, crushed together so close that there was but just room to pass between them.

Under such conditions, the most elaborate system of ventilation might well have been at fault; but here there was no ventilation. The stench was indescribable. 'I have been well acquainted,' said Miss Nightingale, 'with the dwellings of the worst parts of most of the great cities in Europe, but have never been in any atmosphere which I could compare with that of the Barrack Hospital at night.' The structural defects were equalled by the deficiencies in the commonest objects of hospital use. There were not enough bedsteads; the sheets were of canvas, and so coarse that the wounded men recoiled from them, begging to be left in their blankets; there was no bedroom furniture of any kind, and empty beer bottles were used for candlesticks. There were no basins, no towels, no soap, no brooms, no mops, no trays, no plates; there were neither slippers nor scissors, neither shoebrushes nor blacking; there were no knives or forks or spoons. The supply of fuel was constantly deficient. The cooking arrangements were preposterously inadequate, and the laundry was a farce. As for purely medical materials, the tale was no better. Stretchers, splints, bandages—all were lacking; and so were the most ordinary drugs.

To replace such wants, to struggle against such difficulties, there was a handful of men overburdened by the strain of ceaseless work, bound down by the traditions of official routine, and enfeebled either by old age or inexperience or sheer incompetence. They had proved utterly unequal to their task. The principal doctor was lost in the imbecilities of a senile optimism. The wretched official whose business it was to provide for the wants of the hospitals was tied fast hand and foot by red tape. A few of the younger doctors struggled valiantly, but what could they do? Unprepared, disorganised, with such help

only as they could find among the miserable band of convalescent soldiers drafted off to tend their sick comrades, they were faced with disease, mutilation, and death in all their most appalling forms, crowded multitudinously about them in an ever-increasing mass. They were like men in a shipwreck, fighting, not for safety, but for the next moment's bare existence—to gain, by yet another frenzied effort, some brief respite from the waters of destruction.

In these surroundings, those who had been long inured to scenes of human suffering,—surgeons with a world-wide knowledge of agonies, soldiers familiar with fields of carnage, missionaries with remembrances of famine and of plague—yet found a depth of horror which they had never known before. There were moments, there were places, in the Barrack Hospital at Scutari, where the strongest hand was struck with trembling, and the boldest eye would turn away its gaze.

Miss Nightingale came, and she, at any rate, in that inferno, did not abandon hope. For one thing, she brought material succour. Before she left London she had consulted Dr. Andrew Smith, the head of the Army Medical Board, as to whether it would be useful to take out stores of any kind to Scutari; and Dr. Andrew Smith had told her that 'nothing was needed.' Even Sidney Herbert had given her similar assurances; possibly, owing to an oversight, there might have been some delay in the delivery of the medical stores, which, he said, had been sent out from England 'in profusion,' but 'four days would have remedied this.'

She preferred to trust her own instincts, and at Marseilles purchased a large quantity of miscellaneous provisions, which were of the utmost use at Scutari. She

came, too, amply provided with money—in all, during her stay in the East, about £7,000 reached her from private sources; and, in addition, she was able to avail herself of another valuable means of help. At the same time as herself, Mr. Macdonald, of *The Times*, had arrived at Scutari, charged with the duty of administering the large sums of money collected through the agency of that newspaper in aid of the sick and wounded; and Mr. Macdonald had the sense to see that the best use he could make of *The Times* Fund was to put it at the disposal of Miss Nightingale. 'I cannot conceive,' wrote an eye-witness, 'as I now calmly look back on the first three weeks after the arrival of the wounded from Inkerman, how it could have been possible to have avoided a state of things too disastrous to contemplate, had not Miss Nightingale been there, with the means placed at her disposal by Mr. Macdonald.' But the official view was different. What! Was the public service to admit, by accepting outside charity, that it was unable to discharge its own duties without the assistance of private and irregular benevolence? Never! And accordingly when Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, our ambassador at Constantinople, was asked by Mr. Macdonald to indicate how *The Times* Fund best be employed, he answered that there was indeed one object to which it might very well be devoted—the building of an English Protestant Church at Pera.

Mr. Macdonald did not waste further time with Lord Stratford, and immediately joined forces with Miss Nightingale. But, with such a frame of mind in the highest quarters, it is easy to imagine the kind of disgust and alarm with which the sudden intrusion of a band of amateurs and females must have filled the minds of the ordinary officer and the ordinary military surgeon.

DOCTORS

Whatever may be the merits of the English in other sciences, they seem particularly excellent in the art of healing. There is scarcely a disorder incident to humanity, against which they are not possessed with a most infallible antidote. The professors of other arts confess the inevitable intricacy of things; talk with doubt, and decide with hesitation: but, doubting is entirely unknown in Medicine; the advertising professors here delight in cases of difficulty. Be the disorder never so desperate or radical, you will find numbers in every street, who, by levelling a pill at the part affected, promise a certain cure, without loss of time, knowledge of a bedfellow, or hindrance of business.

When I consider the assiduity of this profession, their benevolence amazes me. They not only in general give their medicines for half value, but use the most persuasive remonstrances to induce the sick to come and be cured. Sure, there must be something strangely obstinate in an English patient who refuses so much health upon such easy terms. Does he take a pride in being bloated with a dropsy? Does he find pleasure in the alternations of an intermittent fever? Or feel as much satisfaction in nursing up his gout, as he found pleasure in acquiring it? He must, otherwise he would not reject such repeated assurances of instant relief. What can be more convincing than the manner in which the sick are invited to be well? The doctor first begs the most earnest attention of the public to what he is going to propose: he solemnly affirms the pill was never found to want success; he

They could not understand it; what had women to do with war? Honest Colonels relieved their spleen by the cracking of heavy jokes about 'the Bird'; while poor Dr. Hall, a rough terrier of a man, who had worried his way to the top of his profession, was struck speechless with astonishment, and at last observed that Miss Nightingale's appointment was extremely droll.

Her position was, indeed, an official one, but it was hardly the easier for that. In the hospitals it was her duty to provide the services of herself and her nurses when they were asked for by the doctors, and not until then. At first some of the surgeons would have nothing to say to her, and, though she was welcomed by others, the majority were hostile and suspicious. But gradually [illegible] of men in authority who surrounded her. She stood firm; she was a rock in the angry ocean; with her alone was safety, comfort, life. And so it was that hope dawned at Scutari. The reign of chaos and old night began to dwindle; order came upon the scene, and common sense, and forethought, and decision, radiating out from the little room off the great gallery in the Barrack Hospital where, day and night, the Lady Superintendent was at her task. Progress might be slow, but it was sure. The first sign of a great change came with the appearance of some of those necessary objects with which the hospitals had been unprovided for months. The sick men began to enjoy the use of towels and soap, knives and forks, combs and tooth-brushes. Dr. Hall might snort when he heard of it, asking, with a growl,

what a soldier wanted with a tooth-brush; but the good work went on. Eventually the whole business of purveying to the hospitals was, in effect, carried out by Miss Nightingale. She alone, it seemed, whatever the contingency, knew where to lay her hands on what was wanted; she alone could dispense her stores with readiness; above all she alone possessed the art of circumventing the pernicious influences of official etiquette. This was her greatest enemy, and sometimes even she was baffled by it. On one occasion 27,000 shirts, sent out at her instance by the Home Government, arrived, were landed, and were only waiting to be unpacked. But the official 'Purveyor' intervened; 'he could not unpack them,' he said, 'without a Board.' Miss Nightingale pleaded in vain; the sick and wounded lay half naked shivering for want of clothing and three weeks elapsed before the Board released the shirts. A little later, however, on a similar occasion, Miss Nightingale felt that she could assert her own authority. She ordered a Government consignment to be forcibly opened, while the miserable 'Purveyor' stood by, wringing his hands in departmental agony.

Vast quantities of valuable stores sent from England lay, she found, engulfed in the bottomless abyss of the Turkish Customs House. Other ship-loads, buried beneath munitions of war destined for Balaclava, passed Scutari without a sign, and thus hospital materials were sometimes carried to and fro three times over the Black Sea, before they reached their destination. The whole system was clearly at fault, and Miss Nightingale suggested to the home authorities that a Government House should be instituted at Scutari for the reception and distribution of the consignments. Six months after her arrival this was done.

In the meantime she had reorganised the kitchens and laundries in the hospitals. The ill-cooked hunks of meat, vilely served at irregular intervals, which had hitherto been the only diet for the sick men were replaced by punctual meals, well-prepared and appetising, while strengthening extra foods—soups and wines and jellies ('preposterous luxuries,' snarled Dr. Hall)—were distributed to those who needed them. One thing, however, she could not effect. The separation of the bones from the meat was no part of official cookery: the rule was that the food must be divided into equal portions, and if some of the portions were all bone—well, every man must take his chance. The rule, perhaps, was not a very good one; but there it was. 'It would require a new Regulation of the Service,' she was told, 'to bone the meat.' As for the washing arrangements, they were revolutionised. Up to the time of Miss Nightingale's arrival the number of shirts the authorities had succeeded in washing was seven. The hospital bedding, she found, was 'washed' in cold water. She took a Turkish house, had boilers installed, and employed soldiers' wives to do the laundry work. The expenses were defrayed from her own funds and that of *The Times*; and henceforward the sick and wounded had the comfort of clean linen.

Then she turned her attention to their clothing. Owing to military exigencies the greater number of the men had abandoned their kit; their knapsacks were lost for ever; they possessed nothing but what was on their persons, and that was usually only fit for speedy destruction. The 'Purveyor,' of course, pointed out that, according to the regulations, all soldiers should bring with them into hospital an adequate supply of clothing, and he declared that it was no business of his to make good their deficiencies. Apparently, it was the business of

Miss Nightingale. She procured socks, boots, and shirts in enormous quantities; she had trousers made, she rigged up dressing-gowns. 'The fact is,' she told Sidney Herbert, 'I am now clothing the British Army.'

All at once, word came from the Crimea that a great new contingent of sick and wounded might shortly be expected. Where were they to go? Every available inch in the wards was occupied; the affair was serious and pressing, and the authorities stood aghast. There were some dilapidated rooms in the Barrack Hospital, unfit for human habitation, but Miss Nightingale believed that if measures were promptly taken they might be made capable of accommodating several hundred beds. One of the doctors agreed with her; the rest of the officials were irresolute: it would be a very expensive job, they said; it would involve building; and who could take the responsibility? The proper course was that a representation should be made to the Director-General of the Army Medical Department in London; then the Director-General would apply to the Horse Guards, the Horse Guards would move the Ordnance, the Ordnance would lay the matter before the Treasury, and, if the Treasury gave its consent, the work might be correctly carried through, several months after the necessity for it had disappeared. Miss Nightingale, however, had made up her mind, and she persuaded Lord Stratford—or thought she had persuaded him—to give his sanction to the required expenditure. One hundred and twenty-five workmen were immediately engaged, and the work was begun. The workmen struck; whereupon Lord Stratford washed his hands of the whole business. Miss Nightingale engaged 200 other workmen on her own authority, and paid the bill out of her own resources. The wards were ready by the required date; 500 sick

men were received in them; and all the utensils, including knives, forks, spoons, cans and towels, were supplied by Miss Nightingale.

This remarkable woman was in truth performing the function of an administrative chief. How had this come about? Was she not in reality merely a nurse? Was it not her duty simply to tend the sick? And indeed, was it not as a ministering angel, a gentle 'lady with a lamp,' that she actually impressed the minds of her contemporaries? No doubt that was so; and yet it is no less certain that, as she herself said, the specific business of nursing was 'the least important of the functions into which she had been forced.' It was clear that in the state of disorganisation into which the hospitals at Scutari had fallen, the most pressing, the really vital, need was for something more than nursing; it was for the necessary elements of civilised life—the commonest material objects, the most ordinary cleanliness, the rudimentary habits of order and authority. 'Oh, dear Miss Nightingale,' said one of her party as they were approaching Constantinople, 'when we land, let there be no delay, let us get straight to nursing the poor fellows!' 'The strongest will be wanted at the washtub,' was Miss Nightingale's answer. And it was upon the wash-tub, and all that the wash-tub stood for, that she expended her greatest energies. Yet to say that is perhaps to say too much. For to those who watched her at work among the sick, moving day and night from bed to bed, with that unflinching courage, with that indefatigable vigilance, it seemed as if the concentrated force of an undivided and unparalleled devotion could hardly suffice for that portion of her task alone. Wherever, in those vast wards, suffering was at its worst and the need for help was greatest, there, as if by magic, was Miss Nightingale.

Her superhuman equanimity would, at the moment of some ghastly operation, nerve the victim to endure and almost to hope. Her sympathy would assuage the pangs of dying and bring back to those still living something of the forgotten charm of life. Over and over again her untiring efforts rescued those whom the surgeons had abandoned as beyond the possibility of cure. Her mere presence brought with it a strange influence. A passionate idolatry spread among the men: they kissed her shadow as it passed. They did more. 'Before she came,' said a soldier, 'there was cussin' and swearin', but after that it was as 'oly as a church.' The most cherished privilege of the fighting man was abandoned for the sake of Miss Nightingale. In those 'lowest sinks of human misery,' as she herself put it, she never heard the use of one expression 'which could distress a gentlewoman.'

She was heroic; and these were the humble tributes paid by those of grosser mould to that high quality. Certainly, she was heroic. Yet her heroism was not of that simple sort so dear to the readers of novels and the compilers of hagiologies—the romantic sentimental heroism with which mankind loves to invest its chosen darlings: it was made of sterner stuff. To the wounded soldier on his couch of agony she might well appear in the guise of a gracious angel of mercy; but the military surgeons, and the orderlies, and her own nurses, and the 'Purveyor,' and Dr. Hall, and even Lord Stratford himself could tell a different story. It was not by gentle sweetness and womanly self-abnegation that she had brought order out of chaos in the Scutari hospitals, that, from her own resources, she had clothed the British Army, that she had spread her dominion over the serried and reluctant powers of the official world; it was by strict

method, by stern discipline, by rigid attention to detail, by ceaseless labour, by the fixed determination of an indomitable will. Beneath her cool and calm demeanour lurked fierce and passionate fires. As she passed through the wards in her plain dress, so quiet, so unassuming, she struck the casual observer simply as the pattern of a perfect lady; but the keener eye perceived something more than that—the serenity of high deliberation in the scope of the capacious brow, the sign of power in the dominating curve of the thin nose, and the traces of a harsh and dangerous temper—something peevish, something mocking, and yet something precise—in the small and delicate mouth. There was humour in the face; but the curious watcher might wonder whether it was humour of a very pleasant kind; might ask himself, even as he heard the laughter and marked the jokes with which she cheered the spirits of her patients, what sort of sardonic merriment this same lady might not give vent to, in the privacy of her chamber. As for her voice, it was true of it, even more than of her countenance, that it 'had that in it one must fain call master.' Those clear tones were in no need of emphasis: 'I never heard her raise her voice,' said one of her companions. Only, when she had spoken, it seemed as if nothing could follow but obedience. Once, when she had given some direction, a doctor ventured to remark that the thing could not be done. 'But it must be done,' said Miss Nightingale. A chance bystander, who heard the words, never forgot through all his life the irresistible authority of them. And they were spoken quietly—very quietly indeed.

G. Lytton Strachey.

XVII

AT SCHOOL

I must have been about seven when my father left Porbandar for Rajkot to become a member of the Rajasthanik court. There I was put into a primary school, and I can well recollect those days, including the names and other particulars of the teachers who taught me. As at Porbandar, so here, there is hardly anything to note about my studies. I could only have been a mediocre student. From this school I went to the suburban school and thence to the high school, having already reached my twelfth year. I do not remember having ever told a lie, during this short period, either to my teachers or to my schoolmasters. I used to be very shy and avoided all company. My books and my lessons were my sole companions. To be at school at the stroke of the hour and to run back home as soon as the school closed,—that was my daily habit. I literally ran back, because I could not bear to talk to anybody. I was even afraid lest anyone should poke fun at me.

There is an incident which occurred at the examination during my first year at the high school and which is worth recording. Mr. Giles, the Educational Inspector, had come on a visit of inspection. He had set us five words to write as a spelling exercise. One of the words was 'kettle.' I had mis-spelt it. The teacher tried to prompt me with the point of his boot, but I would not be prompted. It was beyond me to see that he wanted me to copy the spelling from my neighbour's slate, for I had thought that the teacher was there to supervise us against copying. The result was that all the boys,

except myself, were found to have spelt every word correctly. Only I had been stupid. The teacher tried later to bring this stupidity home to me, but without effect. I never could learn the art of 'copying.'

Yet the incident did not in the least diminish my respect for my teacher. I was by nature blind to the faults of elders. Later I came to know of many other failings of this teacher, but my regard for him remained the same. For I had learnt to carry out the orders of elders, not to scan their actions.

Two other incidents belonging to the same period have always clung to my memory. As a rule I had a distaste for any reading beyond my school books. The daily lessons had to be done, because I disliked being taken to task by my teacher as much as I disliked deceiving him. Therefore I would do the lessons, but often without my mind in them. Thus when even the lessons could not be done properly, there was of course no question of any extra reading. But somehow my eyes fell on a book purchased by my father. It was Shravana Pitribhakti Nataka (a play about Shravana's devotion to his parents). I read it with intense interest. There came to our place about the same time itinerant showmen. One of the pictures I was shown was of Shravana carrying, by means of slings fitted for his shoulders, his blind parents on a pilgrimage. The book and the picture left an indelible impression on my mind. 'Here is an example for you to copy,' I said to myself. The agonised lament of the parents over Shravana's death is still fresh in my memory. The melting tune moved me deeply, and I played it on a concertina which my father had purchased for me.

There was a similar incident connected with another play. Just about this time, I had secured my father's

permission to see a play performed by a certain dramatic company. This play—Harishchandra—captured my heart. I could never be tired of seeing it. But how often should I be permitted to go? It haunted me and I must have acted Harishchandra to myself times without number. 'Why should not all be truthful like Harishchandra?' was the question I asked myself day and night. To follow truth and to go through all the ordeals Harishchandra went through was the one ideal it inspired in me. I literally believed in the story of Harishchandra. The thought of it all often made me weep. My common sense tells me today that Harishchandra could not have been a historical character. Still both Harishchandra and Shravana are living realities for me, and I am sure I should be moved as before if I were to read those plays again today.

I was not regarded as a dunce at the High School. I always enjoyed the affection of my teachers. Certificates of progress and character used to be sent to the parents every year. I never had a bad certificate. In fact, I even won prizes after I passed out of the second standard. In the fifth and sixth I obtained scholarships of rupees four and ten respectively, an achievement for which I have to thank good luck more than my own merit. For the scholarships were not open to all, but reserved for the best boys amongst those coming from the Sorath Division of Kathiawad. And in those days there could not have been many boys from Sorath in a class of forty or fifty.

My own recollection is that I had not any high regard for my ability. I used to be astonished whenever I won prizes and scholarships. But I very jealously guarded my character. The least little blemish drew tears from my eyes. When I merited, or seemed to the teacher to merit, a rebuke, it was unbearable for me. I remember having

produced a list of those who have been rescued from the grave by taking it: yet notwithstanding all this, there are many here who now and then think proper to be sick. Only sick? did I say? There are some who even think proper to die! Yes, by the head of Confucious! they die; though they might have purchased the health-restoring specific for half-a-crown at every corner.

I am amazed, my dear Fum Hoam, that these doctors, who know what an obstinate set of people they have to deal with, have never thought of attempting to revive the dead. When the living are found to reject their prescriptions, they ought in conscience to apply to the dead, from whom they can expect no such mortifying repulses: they would find in the dead the most complying patients imaginable; and what gratitude might they not expect from the patient's son, now no longer an heir, and his wife, now no longer a widow!

Think not, my friend, that there is anything chimerical in such an attempt; they already perform cures equally strange. What can be more truly astonishing, than to see old age restored to youth, and vigour to the most feeble constitutions? Yet this is performed here every day: a simple electuary effects these wonders, even without the bungling ceremonies of having the patient boiled up in a kettle, or ground down in a mill.

Few physicians here go through the ordinary courses of education, but receive all their knowledge of medicine by immediate inspiration from Heaven. Some are thus inspired even in the womb, and, what is very remarkable, understand their profession as well at three years old, as at three score. Others have spent a great part of their lives unconscious of any latent excellence, till a bankruptcy, or residence in gaol, have called their miraculous

once received corporal punishment. I did not so much mind the punishment, as the fact that it was considered my desert. I wept piteously. That was when I was in the first or second standard. There was another such incident during the time when I was in the seventh standard. Dorabji Edulji Gimi was the headmaster then. He was popular among the boys, though he was a strict disciplinarian. He was a man of method and a good teacher. He had made gymnastics and cricket compulsory for the boys of the upper standards. I disliked both. I never took part in any exercise, cricket or football, before they were made compulsory. My shyness was one of the reasons for this aloofness, which I now see was wrong. I then had the false notion that gymnastics had nothing to do with education. Today I know that physical training should have as much place in the curriculum as mental training.

I may mention, however, that I was none the worse for abstaining from exercise. That was because I had read in books about the benefits of long walks in the open air, and having liked the advice, I had formed a habit of taking walks, which has still remained with me. These walks gave me a fairly hardy constitution.

But though I was none the worse for having neglected exercise, I am still paying the penalty of another neglect. I do not know whence I got the notion that good handwriting was not a necessary part of education, but I retained it until I went to England: I then saw that bad handwriting should be regarded as a sign of an imperfect education. Let every young man and woman understand that good handwriting is a necessary part of education.

Mahatma Gandhi.

XVIII

CHILDHOOD

I was born thirty-five years ago, in a public house called the Church House, in the town of N—, in the county of M—. It was kept by my grandfather, native of Cornwall, a retired sea captain, whose pride it was, drunk or sober, to inform all strangers that he had been master of his own ship, the said ship being a small schooner. In those days there was a steam packet, called the *Welsh Prince*, trading regularly between N— and Bristol, and in the latter town we had relatives on my grandmother's side. The fact of the matter was that my grandmother belonged to Somerset, and she often paid a visit to three maiden sisters, first cousins of hers, living, I believe, near Glastonbury, who had a young relative that had gone on the stage, and was causing some stir under a different name from his own, which was Brodrib. My grandmother held very strong opinions about the stage, and when these first cousins met, no doubt the young man, in those early days, was most severely discussed, and, had he not been a blood relation, would have been considered a sinner too far advanced for prayer.

My earliest recollection is of being taken as a small boy with an elder brother to Bristol on the *Welsh Prince* by my grandfather. I believe the frequency of these trips was mainly owing to the friendship existing between the two captains, as my grandfather seldom left the bridge, taking a practical part in the navigation of the ship and channel—except at times to visit the saloon cabin for a little refreshment.

On one trip we had a very stormy passage, and on that

occasion the winds and the waves made such a fool of the *Welsh Prince* that she—to use the feminine gender, as is the custom of every true mariner, of one of whom I am a proud descendant—often threatened to dive into the bowels of the deep for peace. It was on this occasion that my grandfather assisted the captain of the *Welsh Prince* to such purpose that people aboard acclaimed him as the saviour of their lives, and blessed him for the safety of the ship. It is not therefore to be wondered at when the old man ashore, returning at midnight from this rough voyage with me and my brother, would frequently pause and startle the silent hour with a stentorian voice addressed to indifferent sleepers—'Do you know who I am? Captain Davies, master of his own ship.' Whether the police were awed by this announcement, or knew him to be an honest, respectable man with a few idiosyncracies, I cannot say; but it was apparent to me in those young days that they assisted him home with much gentleness, and he was passed on carefully from beat to beat, as though he were a case of new laid eggs.

Alas! the *Welsh Prince* became childish in her old age. She would often loiter so long in the channel as to deceive the tide that expected her, and to disappoint a hundred people who assembled on the bridge under which she moored to welcome her. What with her missing of tides, her wandering into strange courses, her sudden appearance in the river after rumours of loss, her name soon became the common talk of the town. Her erratic behaviour became at last so usual that people lost all interest as to her whereabouts, or whither she had wandered, and were contented to know that she arrived safe, though late. They were not curious to know if she had been dozing in a fog or had rested for a day or two on a bank of mud; whatever she had done, she had been

too wary to collide, and, being too slow to dash through the waves, had allowed them to roll her over with very little power of resistance. These things happened until she was condemned and sold, and her mooring place to this day is unoccupied by a successor. When I now cross the bridge and look down on her accustomed place, I think with a tender emotion of the past. After the *Welsh Prince* had been deposed in her old age, accused of disobeying captain and crew, charged with being indifferent to her duties, and forgetful of her responsibilities—her captain, losing his beloved ship, idled a few months ashore and died. No doubt he had grown to love her, but she had gone beyond the control of living man, and a score of the best seamen breathing could not have made her punctual to her duties; therefore he could not reasonably answer the charges made against her. Some other company, it was rumoured, had chartered her for the Mediterranean, which would certainly be much better for her time of life; the Mediterranean being so large a body of water as compared with the Bristol Channel, would allow her more scope for manoeuvres. But all this was idle talk, probably a profane sneer at her old age, for it was told me by an eye-witness, that she was run ashore in an isolated pool at the mouth of the river, stripped unceremoniously of her iron and her wood-work burned. It is only a few years ago since the river was hers, but her name is seldom mentioned at the present day.

It was through being born in a public house that I became acquainted with the taste of drink at a very early age, receiving sups of mulled beer at bed time, in lieu of cocoa or tea, as is the custom in more domestic houses. So that, after my school days were over, I required but very little inducement to drink.

At last the old people, being tired of business and having a little property, retired into private life; my father, whom I cannot remember, being dead, and my mother marrying the second time, much to the old folks' annoyance. Their own children having all died, they kindly offered to adopt us three children, the only grandchildren they had; and mother, knowing that such would be to our future benefit, at once agreed. When we were settled in private life our home consisted of grandfather, grandmother, an imbecile brother, a sister, myself, a maidservant, a dog, a cat, a parrot, a dove, and a canary bird. I remember those happy days, and often wish I could speak into the ears of the dead the gratitude which was due to them in life, and so ill returned.

My school days began, but I played truant day after day, and the maidservant had to lead me as a prisoner to school. Although small of figure I was a good athlete, and so often fighting that some of my relatives thought that prize fighting was of a certainty to be my future vocation. Mother's father and brothers all took great interest in pugilism, and they knew the game well from much practice of their own. They were never so much delighted as when I visited them with a black eye or bloody nose, at which time they would be at the trouble to give cunning points as to how to meet an opponent according to his weight and height. 'He certainly has the one thing essential,' they affirmed, one to the other, 'and that is the heart. Without that experience would be of no account, but with that it will be the making of him.' If I took off my coat to battle in the streets, the shirt itself came off in the lanes and fields. When attending school I would accompany a dozen or more boys 'following the leader.' Needless to say, I was the leader; and, being a good jumper, would leap over ditches that

would try every nerve in my body. Two or three would follow a little less successfully, and then we would bully and threaten the less active to make the attempt. Often we had to drag them out by the hair of the head, and it was in this condition that they were led back to school late—always late. The dirtiest boy, who had had the most pressure put upon him, and was truly the most gentle and least guilty of us all—would be punished the most severely for these escapades, owing to his dirtier condition, and most likely receive more punishment afterwards at home. Strange that I was not a bad scholar, and that I passed all my standards with ease. In the last year of my school days I became captain of the school's football team, and was honoured and trusted by being allowed to take charge of the ball, but owing to making private use of the same, and practising in secret with boys of other schools, I was requested by the Committee to forfeit my trust, although I might still continue captain as aforesaid. If I had been contented with these innocent honours, and had not been so ambitious to excel in other and more infamous parts, all would have been well, and my schooldays would have been something of a credit to me. But unfortunately, at this time, I organised a band of robbers, six in number, and all of good families and comfortable homes. It was our wont to enter busy stores, knowing that small boys would not be attended to until the grown people had finished their purchases. Then we would slyly take things up for a curious examination, at the same time watching a favourable opportunity to appropriate them. When accosted by the shopman as to our wants we would innocently ask the price of some article we had agreed on, and receiving answer, would quietly leave the premises. This went on for some time, and I had nefariously profited by a large assortment of

miscellaneous articles, such as paints, brushes, books, bottles of scent and various other items that could not be preserved, such as sweets and confectionery. How this continued for six weeks speaks well for our well-laid plans and our dexterity in the performance of them. My girl, Maggie, who had, during our early acquaintance, received only presents of wild flowers and birds' eggs, and occasionally a handful of nuts, was now the happy possessor of valuable presents in the shape of purses, pocket-books, bottles of scents, pencils of silver, not to mention having received a hundred different sorts of sweets and cake that was superior to her mother's. Time after time she promised not to betray me; or any of my confederates. The latter often warned me against reposing confidence in the other sex. One produced a book, at that very moment, which told how a woman betrayed a gang of robbers: and it was his firm opinion that the other sex could not be trusted farther than they could be seen.

At home I was cured of thieving by what I thought at that time to be a very remarkable incident—no more or less than the result of witchcraft. One day my grandmother happened to be standing before the fire cooking, and above the fireplace was a large mirror, towards which her eyes were turned. Thinking this a favourable opportunity to rifle the sugar basin, I lost no time in making the attempt; but my fingers had scarcely closed on a large lump when the old lady, without in the least turning her head, cried in a shrill voice, 'You dare!' For my life I could not account for this discovery, and it sent such a shock through me that I never again attempted in the old lady's presence to be other than honest. She could close her eyes in the arm chair and even breathe audibly, but I never had the confidence to

make another attempt. But this incident at home had no detrimental effect on my courage abroad.

One day I and my lieutenant played truant from school, and making our way up town, began to execute various little plans that had been concocted the night before. After several desperate sorties on confectionery, with our usual success, we began to meditate on higher game. We blundered at a cigar case in a chemist shop, and had to leave our spoils behind. Although fearful, we entered a large grocery store, and were having great success, when my lieutenant dropped a bottle of scent, and not having the presence of mind to stand his ground and make it appear an accident, made a guilty rush through the open door. I followed him at once, and catching him up, got clear ahead. But the hue and cry was out, and every one shouted, 'Stop thieves!' This terrible cry, taken up by one and another, took all the strength out of our legs, and our own sheer terror brought us to a halt. In five minutes we were captured and crying over our ill luck in a prison cell. We made a confession of everything, and the rest of the gang were soon under arrest. Our houses were visited by detectives and searched, and different articles were found in cupboards, drawers, desks, and chests which were soon identified by the shopkeepers. Maggie, at the instigation of her mother, gave several articles to the police, with information, proving to me, even in those early days, how little her sex was to be trusted. The unfortunate part of this was that we all had good homes. My grandfather would most certainly have paid a fine of twenty or thirty pounds to save me from punishment, and offered, I believe, to do the same. Alas! the magistrates were inexorable, and I and my lieutenant were sentenced each to twelve strokes with the birch rod,

whilst the other four, not being caught red-handed, received six strokes each. I do not at present feel much remorse for those desperate times, but often think of the *disgrace to parents. The kindly admonishment of my* schoolmaster made me shed the real tears of repentance, not being forced from me by any thought of punishment. This ended my schooldays; and after the breaking up of *our gang, I was not allowed much liberty, our elders being* afraid of a re-organisation. When I was allowed out for an hour's play, strict injunctions were given me not to leave our own door, and this was not much to my liking. In the dark winter evenings I would sit with my grandfather, my brother and sister, painting ships or reading before a large fire that was never allowed to burn below its highest bar. My grandfather, with his old habits, would pace slowly up and down the half dark passage, shutting himself out in the cold. Every now and then he would open the front door to look at the stars or to inform himself from what latitude the wind blew. The wind never changed without his knowledge; for this wary mariner invariably surprised it in the act of doing so. Three or four times in the evening he would open the kitchen door to see that his family were comfortable, as though he had just made his way from the hurricane deck to enquire after the welfare of passengers in the cabin. When this was done, the old lady would sometimes say, rather peevishly, 'Francis, do sit down for a minute or two.' Then he would answer gruffly, but not unkindly—'Avast there, Lydia,' closing the door to begin again his steady pacing to and fro.

At this time I had a boy companion, named Dave, who was a great reader, had enough self-confidence to recite in public, and was a wonderful raconteur of tales. Great things were expected of him in after years. I have heard

since that intemperance prevented their fulfilment, but we were too innocent in those days to think that such would be the case. Through him I became a reader, in the first place, with an idea of emulating his cleverness, which led to a love of literature for its own self. Of course, I began with the common penny novel of the worst type, but acquired a taste for better work in a shorter time than boys usually do.

W. H. Davies.

powers into exertion. And others still there are indebted to their superlative ignorance alone for success; the more ignorant the practitioner, the less capable is he thought of deceiving. The people here judge as they do in the East, where it is thought absolutely requisite that a man should be an idiot, before he pretends to be either a conjurer or a doctor.

When a physician by inspiration is sent for, he never perplexes the patient by previous examination; he asks very few questions, and those only for form sake. He knows every disorder by intuition; he administers the pill or drop for every distemper; nor is more inquisitive than the farrier while he drenches a horse. If the patient lives, then has he one more to add to the surviving list; if he dies, then it may be justly said of the patient's disorder, that, as it was not cured, the disorder was incurable.

Oliver Goldsmith.

XIX

THROUGH THE DESERT

The manner of my daily march was this. At about an hour before dawn I rose and made the most of about a pint of water which I allowed myself for washing. Then I breakfasted upon tea and bread. As soon as the beasts were loaded, I mounted my camel and pressed forward. My poor Arabs being on foot would sometimes moan with fatigue, and pray for rest, but I was anxious to enable them to perform their contract for bringing me to Cairo within the stipulated time, and I did not therefore allow a halt until the evening came. About mid-day, or soon after, Mysseri used to bring up his camel alongside of mine and supply me with a piece of the dried bread softened in water, and also (as long as it lasted) with a piece of the tongue. After this there came into my hand (how well I remember it!) the little tin cup half filled with wine and water.

As long as you are journeying in the interior of the Desert you have no particular point to make for as your resting-place. The endless sands yield nothing but small stunted shrubs; even these fail after the first two or three days, and from that time you pass over broad plains—you pass over newly-reared hills—you pass through valleys dug out by the last week's storm,—and the hills and the valleys are sand, sand, sand, still sand, and only sand, and sand, and sand again. The earth is so samely that your eyes turn towards heaven—towards heaven, I mean, in sense of sky. You look to the sun, for he is your task-master, and by him you know the measure of the work that you have done, and the measure of the work tha

remains for you to do. He comes when you strike your tent in the early morning, and then, for the first hour of the day, as you move forward on your camel, he stands at your near side, and makes you know that the whole day's toil is before you; then for a while, and a long while, you see him no more, for you are veiled and shrouded, and dare not look upon the greatness of his glory, but you know where he strides overhead, by the touch of his flaming sword.

No words are spoken, but your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, your skin glows, your shoulders ache, and for sights you see the pattern and the web of the silk that veils your eyes, and the glare of the outer light. Time labours on—your skin glows, your shoulders ache, your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, and you see the same pattern in the silk, and the same glare of light beyond; but conquering time marches on, and by-and-by the descending sun has compassed the heaven, and now softly touches your right arm, and throws your lank shadow over the sand right along on the way for Persia. Then again you look upon his face, for his power is all veiled in his beauty, and the redness of flames has become the redness of roses; the fair, wavy cloud that fled in the morning now comes to his sight once more—comes blushing, yet still comes on—comes burning with blushes, yet comes and clings to his side.

Then begins your season of rest. The world about you is all your own, and there, where you will, you pitch your solitary tent; there is no living thing to dispute your choice. When at last the spot had been fixed upon and we came to a halt, one of the Arabs would touch the chest of my camel, and utter at the same time a peculiar gurgling sound. The beast instantly understood and obeyed the sign, and slowly sank under me, till she

ght her body to a level with the ground; then gladly
ugh I alighted. The rest of the camels were unloaded
l turned loose to browse upon the shrubs of the Desert,
ere shrubs there were; or where these failed, to wait
r the small quantity of food that was allowed them
t of our stores.

My servants, helped by the Arabs, busied themselves in
itching the tent and kindling the fire. Whilst this was
doing, I used to walk away towards the East, confiding in
the print of my foot as a guide for my return. Apart
from the cheering voices of my attendants I could better
know and feel the loneliness of the Desert. The influence of such scenes, however, was not of a softening kind,
but filled me rather with a sort of childish exultation in
the self-sufficiency which enabled me to stand thus alone
in the wideness of Asia—a short-lived pride, for wherever
man wanders, he still remains tethered by the chain that
links him to his kind; and so when the night closed round
me, I began to return—to return, as it were, to my own
gate. Reaching at last some high ground, I could see,
and see with delight, the fire of our small encampment;
and when, at last, I regained the spot, it seemed a very
home that had sprung up for me in the midst of these
solitudes. My Arabs were busy with their bread,—
Mysseri rattling tea-cups,—the little kettle with her odd,
old-maidish looks, sat humming away old songs about
England; and two or three yards from the fire my tent
stood prim and tight with open portal, and with welcoming look.

Sometimes in the earlier part of my journey the night-
breeze blew coldly; when that happened, the dry sand
was heaped up outside round the skirts of the tent, and
so the wind that everywhere else could sweep as he liste
along those dreary plains, was forced to turn aside in hi

course and make way, as he ought, for the Englishman. Then within my tent there were heaps of luxuries,—dining-rooms, dressing-rooms, libraries, bedrooms, drawing-rooms, oratories,—all crowded into the space of a hearth-rug. The first night, I remember, with my books and maps about me, I wanted a light. They brought me a taper, and immediately from out of the silent Desert there rushed in a flood of life unseen before. Monsters of moths of all shapes and hues that never before perhaps had looked upon the shining of a flame now madly thronged into my tent, and dashed through the fire of the candle till they fairly extinguished it with their burning limbs. Those who had failed in attaining this martyrdom suddenly became serious, and clung despondingly to the canvas.

By-and-by there was brought to me the fragrant tea, and big masses of scorched and scorching toast, and the butter that had come all the way to me in this Desert of Asia, from out of that poor, dear, starving Ireland. I feasted like a king,—like four kings,—like a boy in the fourth form.

When the cold, sullen morning dawned, and my people began to load the camels, I always felt loath to give back to the waste this little spot of ground that had glowed for a while with the cheerfulness of a human dwelling. One by one the cloaks, the saddles, the baggage, the hundred things that strewed the ground and made it look so familiar,—all these were taken away, and laid upon the camels. A speck in the broad tracts of Asia remained still impressed with the mark of patent portmanteaus, and the heels of London boots; the embers of the fire lay black and cold upon the sand; and these were the signs we left.

My tent was spared to the last, but when all else was ready for the start, then came its fall; the pegs were drawn, the canvas shivered, and in less than a minute there was nothing that remained of my genial home but only a pole and a bundle. The encroaching Englishman was off, and instant upon the fall of the canvas, like an owner who had waited and watched, the Genius of the Desert stalked in.

A. W. Kinglake.

XX

FEISAL

Before we awoke, a meal of bread and dates had been prepared for us by the people of the house. The dates were new, melting sweet and good, like none I had ever tasted. The owner of the property, a Harbi, was, with his neighbours, away serving Feisal; and his women and children were tenting in the hills with the camels. At the most, the tribal Arabs of Wadi Safra lived in their villages five months a year. For the other seasons the gardens were entrusted to slaves, negroes like the grown lads who brought in the tray to us, and whose thick limbs and plump shining bodies looked curiously out of place among the bird-like Arabs. Khallaf told me these blacks were originally from Africa, brought over as children by their nominal Takruri fathers, and sold during the pilgrimage, in Mecca. When grown strong they were worth from fifty to eighty pounds apiece, and were looked after carefully as befitted their price. Some became house or body servants with their masters; but the majority were sent out to the palm villages of these feverish vallies of running water, whose climate was too bad for Arab labour, but where they flourished and built themselves solid houses, and mated with women slaves, and did all the manual work of the holding.

They were very numerous—for instance, there were thirteen villages of them side by side in this Wadi Safra—so they formed a society of their own, and lived much at their pleasure. Their work was hard, but the supervision loose, and escape easy. Their legal status was bad, for they had no appeal to tribal justice, or even to the Sherif's

courts, but public opinion and self-interest deprecated any cruelty towards them, and the tenet of the faith that to enlarge a slave is a good deed, meant in practice that nearly all gained freedom in the end. They made pocket-money during their service, if they were ingenious. Those I saw had property, and declared themselves contented. They grew melons, marrows, cucumber, grapes and tobacco for their own account, in addition to the dates, whose surplus was sent across to the Sudan by sailing dhow, and there exchanged for corn, clothing and the luxuries of Africa or Europe.

After the mid-day heat was passed we mounted again, and rode up the clear, slow rivulet till it was hidden within the palm-gardens, behind their low boundary walls of sun-dried clay. In and out between the tree roots were dug little canals a foot or two deep, so contrived that the stream might be led into them from the stone channel and each tree watered in its turn. The head of water was owned by the community, and shared out among the landowners for so many minutes or hours daily or weekly according to the traditional use. The water was a little brackish, as was needful for the best palms; but it was sweet enough in the wells of private water in the groves. These wells were very frequent, and found water three or four feet below the surface.

Our way took us through the central village and its market street. There was little in the shops; and all the place felt decayed. A generation ago Wasta was populous (they said of a thousand houses), but one day there rolled a huge wall of water down wadi safra, the embankments of many palm-gardens were breached, and the palm trees swept away. Some of the islands on which the houses had stood for centuries were submerged, and the mud houses melted back again into mud, killing or drowning

the unfortunate slaves within. The men could have been replaced, and the trees, had the soil remained; but the gardens had been built up of earth carefully won from the normal freshets by years of labour, and this wave of water—eight feet deep, running in a race of three days—reduced the plots in its tracks to their primordial banks of stones.

A little above Wasta we came to Kharma, a tiny settlement with rich palm groves, where a tributary ran in from the north. Beyond Kharma the valley widened somewhat, to an average of perhaps four hundred yards, with a bed of fine shingle and sand, laid very smooth by the winter rains. The walls were of bare red and black rock, whose edges and ridges were sharp as knife blades, and reflected the sun like metal. They made the freshness of the trees and grass seem luxurious. We now saw parties of Feisal's soldiers, and grazing herds of their saddle camels. Before we reached Hamra every nook in the rocks or clump of trees was a bivouac. They cried cheery greetings to Tafas, who came to life again, waving back and calling to them, while he pressed on quickly to end his duty towards me.

Hamra opened on our left. It seemed a village of about one hundred houses, buried in gardens among mounds of earth some twenty feet in height. We forded a little stream, and went up a walled path between trees to the top of one of these mounds, where we made our camels kneel by the yard-gate of a long, low house. Tafas said something to a slave who stood there with silver-hilted sword in hand. He led me to an inner court, on whose further side, framed between the uprights of a black doorway, stood a white figure waiting tensely for me. I felt at first glance that this was the man I had come to Arabia to seek—the leader who would bring the

Arab Revolt to full glory. Feisal looked very tall and pillar-like, very slender, in his long white robes and his brown head-cloth bound with a brilliant scarlet and gold cord. His eyelids were drooped; and his black beard and colourless face were like a mask against the strange, still watchfulness of his body. His hands were crossed in front of him on his dagger.

I greeted him. He made way for me into the room, and sat down on his carpet near the door. As my eyes grew accustomed to the shade, they saw that the little room held many silent figures, looking at me or at Feisal steadily. He remained staring down at his hands which were twisting slowly about his dagger. At last he inquired softly how I had found the journey. I spoke of the heat and he asked how long from Rabegh, commenting that I had ridden fast for the season.

'And do you like our place here in Wadi Safra?'

'Well: but it is far from Damascus.'

The word had fallen like a sword in their midst. There was a quiver. Then everybody present stiffened where he sat, and held his breath for a silent minute. Some, perhaps, were dreaming of far off success: others may have thought it a reflection on their late defeat. Feisal at length lifted his eyes, smiling at me, and said, 'Praise be to God, there are Turks nearer us than that.' We all smiled with him; and I rose and excused myself for the moment.

T. E. Lawrence.

the unfortunate slaves within. The men could have been replaced, and the trees, had the soil remained; but the gardens had been built up of earth carefully won from the normal freshets by years of labour, and this wave of water—eight feet deep, running in a race of three days—reduced the plots in its tracks to their primordial banks of stones.

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III

MACKERY END, IN HERTFORDSHIRE

Bridget Elia has been my house-keeper for many a long year. I have obligations to Bridget, extending beyond the period of memory. We house together, old bachelor and maid, in a sort of double singleness; with such tolerable comfort upon the whole, that I, for one, find in myself no sort of disposition, to go out upon the mountains, with the rash king's offspring, to bewail my celibacy. We agree pretty well in our tastes and habits—yet so, as 'with a difference.' We are generally in harmony, with occasional bickerings—as it should be among near relations. Our sympathies are rather understood than expressed; and once, upon my dissembling a tone in my voice more kind than ordinary, my cousin burst into tears, and complained that I was altered. We are both great readers in different directions. While I am hanging over (for the thousandth time) some passage in old Burton, or one of his strange contemporaries, she is abstracted in some modern tale or adventure, whereof our common reading-table is daily fed with assiduously fresh supplies. Narrative teases me. I have little concern with the progress of events. She must have a story—well, ill, or indifferently told—so there be life stirring in it, and plenty of good or evil accidents. The fluctuations of fortune in fiction—and almost in real life—have ceased to interest, or operate but dully upon me. Out-*of-the way humours and opinions—heads with some* diverting twist in them—the oddities of authorship, please me most. My cousin has a native disrelish of anything that sounds odd or bizarre. Nothing goes down with

his akoi was my own. An akoi may be described as a circular tent, about 8 feet in diameter, made up of a number of numdahs, or woollen rugs, sewn together. Thanks to the shepherd who flung additional numdahs on and into my tent to make it wind-proof and damp-proof, I slept as comfortably in this akoi as I used to in 'The Castle,' Fort Sandeman, with its heavy curtains, spring

XXI

THE ROOF OF THE WORLD

Lupgaz, Friday, 15 September.

We rode along the edge of the Gulkhwaja glacier for about a mile and a half. Then we climbed steeply for a mile or two and, before we knew where we were, found ourselves on the top of the Mintaka Pass, 15,450 feet high. From 'the Pass of the Thousand Ibex'—for that is what Mintaka means in the local language—I had hoped to see extensive vistas of the Hindu Kush to the west, the Himalayas and the Karakorams to the south and the Pamirs to the north; but last night's sudden change of weather spoiled it all. Yesterday the sky was blue as blue could be; there was not even a suspicion of a cloud; and the sun was shining brilliantly. But today, what with the snow and fog and mist, everything was white and grey with black boulders jutting from the hills and the rest white with snow. One object stood out, a dak-runner's shelter on the very top of the Pass, on the very line which separates India from China. When I stood at this Great Divide with one foot in India and the other in China a wave of thankfulness surged up in my heart that I should have been chosen to represent my country in another, as great and ancient as mine, and to do what little I could to cement the friendship between them.

From the top of the Mintaka Pass we walked down, or rather slid down, into a delightful valley. By about 2.30 we reached our destination, Lupgaz, covered with snow. Lupgaz is apparently a mere geographical expression. There is no village here nor any sign of life except a seventy-year-old shepherd who lives in an akoi. Next to

his akoi was my own. An akoi may be described as a circular tent, about 8 feet in diameter, made up of a number of numdahs, or woollen rugs, sewn together. Thanks to the shepherd who flung additional numdahs on and into my tent to make it wind-proof and damp-proof, I slept as comfortably in this akoi as I used to in 'The Castle,' Fort Sandeman, with its heavy curtains, spring beds and Persian carpets.

The septuagenarian shepherd was the first inhabitant of Sarikol I met. He produced a jugful of the most delicious cream. His wife, who is considerably younger than himself and has recently presented him with a child, also busied herself making *roti* for my servants and others. The shepherd then produced a sheep—a real sheep, as my orderly would call it—as nazar. I was inclined just to touch it as a token of acceptance and let it go as I used to do when the Zhob maliks presented me with sheep while on tour; but my orderlies said I must accept the sheep. 'This shepherd is an Amir,' they said enviously, 'and he will feel hurt if you do not accept it.' An Amir indeed is he; for towards the evening we saw that he had several hundred sheep and yak which he was free to graze on the most extensive grassy grounds below the Mintaka Pass.

Payik, Saturday, 16 September.

Today I did something which I had thought I should never do—a double march. Instead of halting at Mintaka Karaul or Mintaka Agazi, 'the mouth of the Mintaka,' I pushed on to Payik, 27 miles from Lupgaz. I did this double march for the sheer joy of it. It was the best way in which I could give expression to my sense of relief at escaping from the weird Hunza gorges. On this side of the Mintaka the whole atmosphere is

different from that on the Indian side; it is cleaner, fresher, more open. To come into the grasslands of Sarikol after the crumbling hills and fearful parris of Hunza is like reading *As You Like It* after Marlowe's *Tamurlane*. Hills indeed there are; but they do not look so grim and sinister as the Karakorams. Streams there are too—but blue smiling streams, so different from the muddy rivers of Hunza and Astor.

I stopped for about an hour in the Chinese Military Outpost at Mintaka Karaul. The Jamadar of the Post, accompanied by the Havildar, rode out a couple of miles to meet me and entertained me in his room. Straightaway I was plunged into the Chinese atmosphere which I have learnt to love. Boiling tea (for which I had often longed at the end of those tedious marches in Hunza), hot wet towels, the photograph of President Chiang Kai-shek looking considerably younger than himself, bowings, ceremonies and polite conversation, all took me back—and forward—to Chungking. Today, however, there was not much scope for conversation. The Jamadar, a Chinese from Kansu, would say something in Chinese which his Havildar, a Turki, would translate in Turki to my orderly who would then translate it to me in Urdu; and my reply in Urdu would go through similar channels in the reverse direction.

How self-respecting and ceremonious even the average man is in China! On reaching Payik, I gave a small present to the Chinese sepoy who escorted me from Mintaka Karaul. He not only would not accept it, but much to the surprise of my Hunza servants gave quite

considerable difficulty in getting the Sarikol shepherd, who presented me with a superb sheep last night, to accept the 350 kochins which I gave him. How a Hunzawal lambardar would have grabbed it and almost demanded it! But the Hunzawals are poor and the Sarikolis are not, for the good earth is theirs for grazing.

Today we passed nearest to the spot 'where Three Empires meet' or used to, before two of them became Republics. *How Caroe would have loved to see all this!* The Frontiers are his hobby; and the more they aspire to the delectable mountains the greater his delight. My own interest in the subject was first roused on reading Lord Curzon's brilliant Romanes lecture at Oxford on 'Frontiers.' I then little dreamt that I, a Southerner, would one day have to deal with our Northern Frontier. I remember Metcalfe asking me, on the eve of my appointment as Political Agent, Zhob, 'Do you think *you will be able to put it across to the Pathans?' I think* I did succeed in doing so; and when my term in the Zhob was over, I was pleased to get a letter from Parsons saying that I had left the Zhob a better place than I found it.

We are now within a stone's throw of the Russian Pamirs and Afghan Wakhwan. The track to the Killik Pass and thence to Afghanistan and Russia turned off to the west at Mintaka Karaul. We are near the abode of *Ovis Poli* which was originally discovered by Marco Polo in 1256. How vivid and dateless is his description: 'There are great numbers of wild beasts, among others wild sheep of great size, whose horns are good 6 palms in length. . . . This plain is called Pamir; and you ride across it for 12 days together, finding nothing but desert, without habitation or any green thing so that trackers are obliged to carry with them whatsoever they have need

of.' The Venetians used to jeer at Marco Polo as 'the *Millioni*,' for they thought that his accounts of China and its wealth which he reckoned in millions, were a gross exaggeration. But he certainly did not exaggerate the length of the horns of *Ovis Poli*; for the horns which Cobb has recently sent to Lord Wavell are 'good 6 palms in length.'

We reached Payik at 3.30, having left Lupgaz at 9.30 and spent an hour in the Chinese outpost in Mintaka Karaul and half an hour by the wayside for lunch. I had as cordial a reception in Payik as in Mintaka Karaul. The officer in charge of this Police Station, a Turki, accommodated me in an akoi, which was almost palatial as compared with the one I slept in last night, and presented me with that delicacy of delicacies, which I had not enjoyed since I left Baluchistan, chikor.

Dafdar, Sunday, 17 September.

It is the 17th of September today. It is good to feel that you are on the Roof of the World. This plateau has an average height of 12,000 feet; and from here one thinks contemptuously of the mere 7,000 feet of Simla, even as Simla looks down upon the 5,000 of Solon and the 3,000 of Mount Abu. Here one feels at home with Nature, which one does not in the Karakoram region. Here, too, there are high mountains rising to 20,000 feet; but we are ourselves so high up on the earth's surface that to us their height is not appalling. And the rivers, crystal-clear, are streams of Paradise.

I rode all the 23 miles from Payik to Dafdar—and did so with pleasure. I am almost beginning to enjoy riding. We rode eastwards along the Karachukar darya to Ujadbai, noted for the 'Maiden's Castle,' to the spot where it joins the Tashkurghan River. At Ujadbai we

turned due north and followed the course of that river. To our left was the Sarikol Range and beyond it inscrutable Russia. And to our right were the Taghdumbach Pamirs. Firm, smooth, rounded, the Pamirs, so unlike the gaunt Karakorams, reminded me of the exquisite modelling of women's breasts in the Ellora and Ajanta caves and the equally exquisite descriptions, based on this resemblance, in our classical poetry.

Much to my regret I could not spot the 'Maiden's Castle' in Ujadbai. I would have liked to see it, for Hsuan Tsang, the Chinese pilgrim who returned to China from via the Pamirs, saw this fortress in A.D. 642. He has related the legend attached to this fortress. A Chinese Princess of the Han dynasty was betrothed to the King of Iran. While she was being escorted to the home of her fiancé from Peking, she was waylaid by robbers. She, however, escaped from their clutches and was placed by her faithful escort on an isolated hill near Ujadbai. There she remained in a fortress—the 'Maiden's Castle.' While in this fortress, the Sun-god visited her; and the Princess became *enceinte*. Awed by this miracle, the people of Sarikol begged her to stay on and rule over them. And thus the Chiefs of Sarikol were descended from the Sun.

Many of our Indian Princes too are descended from the Sun and the Moon.

Kurram, Monday, 18 September.

Last night was the cosiest I have spent since leaving Srinagar (barring of course the three delightful nights in Gilgit). I was accommodated in the Chinese Fort at Dafdar in a room which had a stove and was delightfully, and occasionally oppressively, warm. The Officer Commanding the Fort vacated his own bedroom for me,

my remonstrances. It is on such occasions that [one f]eels like exclaiming, like Satan before the Angel, [how] awful goodness is!'

[M]y room was next to the O.C.'s in which he worked [and] slept; in fact it was only through his room that I [cou]ld get into or out of my own. A suspicious Press [cor]respondent in Chungking would say that this was [th]e Chinese way of keeping a watch on foreigners and [p]reventing them from having undesirable contacts. If [t]hat is so, I can only say that it is the sort of thing that [c]olesseth him that gives and him that takes.

Round about Dafdar I saw some strips of cultivation —the first since leaving Misgar. The Roof of the World, ideal for grazing or riding, is not suited for cultivation; it is too cold. We are still on the Roof of the World, but are gradually descending. At Lupgaz we were 14,500 feet above sea level; at Mintaka Karaul, 13,000 feet; at Payik, 12,700; at Dafdar, 11,530; and tomorrow, at Tashkurghan, we shall go down to 10,225 feet. Still we shall be higher than the highest hill station in India

There is only one thing about the Roof of the Worl which makes you feel uncomfortable. In the Pam region there blows an incessant wind, cold, bitter, biti Compared to these icy gales, the cold winds of the Zh against which in the winter we used to seal our wind in the Castle with felt, are but Zephyrs. During last few days I have been wearing every woollen gar I could lay my hands on including the Balaclava c which, Safdar Ali agreed, I looked so funny; bu difficult to protect the face and hands. When Ali joined me at Gilgit on the 1st of this month quite a handsome youth; now he looks a wize man with cracked lips, red nose and black chee

own face has not suffered so much; it even escaped an attack of smallpox in Abbottabad; it is the kind of face which can't get worse! But my hands are looking terrible. I cannot ride with gloves on—at any rate the kind of gloves I have; and at the end of every day's ride my fingers get black and blue and bulging. But in the night I restore them to some sort of human shape by rubbing in lanoline with which the Jacksons so thoughtfully provided me in Gilgit. This tube of lanoline, by the way, is part of the enormous quantity of drugs and stores left behind by the German expedition to Nanga Parbat in 1937.

We left Dafdar this morning and got to Kurram, some 14 miles away, soon after midday. Between Dafdar and Kurram the Tashkurghan River, along whose banks we rode, makes a series of graceful curves, rippling over small white rocks and pebbles which look as if they had been taken out, washed one by one and put back into the river. All the way the bottom of the river could be seen; the water was so clear. And how beautifully blue! Blue with a dash of green like the eyes of Scarlett O'Hara.

I am being fully escorted on this trip. An armed Chinese sepoy was deputed to accompany me from Mintaka Karaul to Payik; an armed policeman from Payik to Dafdar; and two armed Chinese sepoys from Dafdar to Kurram. Moreover, the Tajik lambardar of this area, a fine figure of a man, with deep-set eyes, an aquiline nose and a face and beard like Aurangzeb's, has accompanied me. Thus, escorted by Chinese sepoys, Turki orderlies, Tajik lambardars, Kirghiz attendants and Hunza servants, I, a solitary Hindu among two dozen Muslims, am moving up Sarikol. But the fact

that I am a Hindu does not count; it did not count for one minute in any part of those cent per cent Muslim areas which I passed through since leaving Srinagar. All that counts is that I am an Indian and the representative of the Government of India.

K. P. S. Menon.

XXII

A JOURNEY THROUGH SPACE AND TIME

We cannot ourselves go and find out what the sun, moon or stars consist of, but our huge telescopes will, in a sense, bring them near to us, which comes to much the same thing. Thus the whole of space lies open for our exploration, at any rate until we are confronted by opaque substances which no telescope can penetrate. Even then the calculations of the mathematician are ready to carry on the story; for instance, quite a lot of work has been done in recent years on the constitution of the interiors of the stars. Telescopic observation and mathematical theory between them furnish us with a sort of magic rocket which will take us almost anywhere in space we desire to go.

Let us enter this magic rocket and persuade someone to shoot us towards the sun. We need only start with speed enough to carry us a short distance away from the earth—about 7 miles a second will do—and the sun's huge gravitational pull will do the rest. It will drag us down into the sun whether we like it or not. If we start at 7 miles a second, the whole journey will take about ten weeks.

Even in the first few seconds of our flight, we notice strange changes; the whole colour-scheme of the universe alters with startling suddenness. The sky rapidly darkens in hue, until finally it assumes a blackness like that of midnight, from which the stars shine out. They no longer twinkle in the friendly way we are accustomed to on earth; their rays have become piercing needles of steady light. Meantime the sun has changed to a hard

steely whiteness, and the shadows it casts are harsh and fierce. Nature seems to have lost a large part of her beauty, and all of her softness, in a surprisingly short space of time. The explanation is that a very few seconds take us entirely clear of the earth's atmosphere, and not until we have left it behind us do we realise how much its softening effect has added to the pleasure of our lives.

Let us pause for a moment to consider the scientific reasons for this. Imagine that we stand on any ordinary seaside pier, and watch the waves rolling in and striking against the iron columns of the pier. Large waves pay very little attention to the columns—they divide right and left and re-unite after passing each column, much as a regiment of soldiers would if a tree stood in their road; it is almost as though the columns had not been there. But the short waves and ripples find the columns of the pier a much more formidable obstacle. When the short waves impinge on the columns, they are reflected back and spread as new ripples in all directions. To use the technical term, they are "scattered." The obstacle provided by the iron columns hardly affects the long waves at all, but scatters the short ripples.

We have been watching a sort of working model of the way in which sunlight struggles through the earth's atmosphere. Between us on earth and outer space the atmosphere interposes innumerable obstacles in the form of molecules of air, tiny droplets of water, and small particles of dust. These are represented by the columns of the pier.

The waves of the sea represent the sunlight. We know that sunlight is a blend of lights of many colours—as we can prove for ourselves by passing it through a prism, or even through a jug of water, or as Nature demonstrates to us when she passes it through the raindrops of a

summer shower and produces a rainbow. We also know that light consists of waves, and that the different colours of light are produced by waves of different lengths, red light by long waves and blue light by short waves. The mixture of waves which constitutes sunlight has to struggle through the obstacles it meets in the atmosphere, just as the mixture of waves at the seaside has to struggle past the columns of the pier. And these obstacles treat the light-waves much as the columns of the pier treat the sea-waves. The long waves which constitute red light are hardly affected, but the short waves which constitute blue light are scattered in all directions.

Thus, the different constituents of sunlight are treated in different ways as they struggle through the earth's atmosphere. A wave of blue light may be scattered by a dust particle, and turned out of its course. After a time a second dust particle again turns it out of its course, and so on, until finally it enters our eyes by a path as zigzag as that of a flash of lightning. Consequently the blue waves of the sunlight enter our eyes from all directions. And that is why the sky looks blue. But the red waves come straight at us, undeterred by atmospheric obstacles, and enter our eyes directly. When we look towards the sun, we see it mainly by these red rays. They are not the whole light of the sun; they are what remains after a good deal of blue has already been filtered out by atmospheric obstacles. This filtering of course makes the sunlight redder than it was before it entered our atmosphere. The more obstacles the sunlight meets, the more the blue is extracted from it, and so the redder the sun looks. This explains why the sun looks unusually red when we see it through a fog or a cloud of steam. It also explains why the sun looks specially red at sunrise—the sun's light, coming to us in a very slantwise direction,

has to thread its way past a great number of obstacles to reach us. It also explains the magnificent sunsets which are often seen through the smoky and dusty air of a city—or even better after a volcanic eruption, when the whole atmosphere of the world may be full of minute particles of volcanic dust.

In such ways as this, the earth's atmosphere breaks up the sunlight. The true sunlight, as it is when it leaves the sun, or travels through space before meeting the earth at all, is a blend of all the colours into which the earth's atmosphere breaks it up. To reconstruct this colour, we must blend the blue of the sky with the yellow or red of the direct sunlight. This makes the steely-white light we see as soon as our rocket takes us beyond the earth's atmosphere.

This action of the atmosphere in breaking up sunlight is responsible for much of the beauty of the earth—the blue sky of full day, the vivid orange and red of the rising and setting sun, the fairyland hues of the clouds at sunrise and sunset, the mysterious tones of twilight, the pink afterglow on the mountains, the purple of the distant hills, the apple-green in the western evening sky and the indigo in the east, and indeed all the effects which the artist describes as atmospheric. As we pass beyond the earth's atmosphere, we leave all these behind us, and enter a hard world which is divided sharply into light and dark, and knows nothing of half-tones. For the first time in our lives, we see the sun for what it really is—a vivid bluish globe of light. We see it set in a sky as black as that of midnight, because the earth's atmosphere no longer takes its rays and scatters them in all directions. It is to this weird and terrifying object that our rocket is taking us.

If we are wise we shall have started sometime near the

time of new moon, because then our path will take us near to the moon, and we can study it from close quarters. Down behind us, the surface of the earth looks murky and blurred; we see it through a thick layer of air, dust, fog and clouds, with rain and snow here and there. By comparison, the moon looks strangely clear and sharp cut. The reason is that it has no atmosphere, and as a consequence no rain, fog, clouds or dust to interfere with our vision.

Even from afar, we can see that there is no water on the moon. If there were seas, lakes, or even rivers, we should be sure to see them glittering in the vivid sunlight; there is no trace of anything which in the least resembles an expanse of water. And as we get nearer, we see that there are neither cities, nor fields, nor forests. We are looking on a dead world.

Ninety-five years ago, a New York newspaper perpetrated what was afterwards known as the "great moon hoax." It published a series of wholly fraudulent articles, which claimed to describe the moon as seen through a giant new telescope in South Africa. They described trees of amazing growth, weird animals, and flying men, all of types utterly different from anything known on earth. These articles so far increased the circulation of a little-known newspaper, that it claimed to have the largest circulation of any paper in the world—a sensational proof of the interest men feel in the problem of life in other worlds.

From our rocket, we look out on a picture very different from that drawn by the American newspaper. We see that the surface of the moon consists largely of vast flat deserts, shewing no signs of cultivation or life of any kind. Scattered over the greater part of it are circular elevations which look like the rims of craters of extinct

volcanoes, which is what they probably are. Many of these are large enough to contain a whole English county inside. Four are larger than Devonshire, while the largest of all, Maurolycus, would just include the whole of Wales. Here and there we see immense jagged peaks and ranges of mountains, as sharp cut as when they first came into existence. The mountains on our earth have been weathered by millions of years of snow, rain and wind, but we see no trace of weathering here. If ever rocket-travelling through space becomes common, it looks as though these mountains would form a perfect paradise for climbers. The sun casts shadows of their jagged outlines on the flat deserts below, and even in a small telescope one can see wonderful needles, pinnacles and arêtes. One range of lunar mountains, the Apennines, is about 450 miles in length and comprises over 3,000 peaks. The highest of these, Mount Huyghens, is about 19,000 feet high, while two others, Mount Bradley and Mount Hadley, are over 15,000 feet in height. To the north of the range is a flat plain to which the mountains fall almost precipitately, like a line of cliffs at the seashore.

The lunar mountains have other attractions, besides scenery, to offer to climbers. On the moon the force of gravity is only a sixth as great as on earth, so that a man could jump six times as high as on earth, could climb six times as high without getting tired, and could fall six times as far without getting hurt. Yet, because the moon has no atmosphere, climbers must remember to take supplies of oxygen with them.

The feebleness of gravity on the moon explains why the moon has no atmosphere. Our rocket was only able to jump right clear of the earth because we started with the high speed of 7 miles a second—if we had started out

with any smaller speed we should have fallen back again onto the earth, just as an ordinary shot from a gun does, or a cricket ball driven upwards off a bat. The earth's atmosphere consists of millions of millions of molecules darting about with quite high speeds—hundreds of yards, and even miles, a second. But they never attain the speed of 7 miles a second which would take them clear of the earth, so that they continually fall back like the cricket ball, and the earth retains its atmosphere.

Against this, a projectile needs a speed of only 1½ miles a second to get clear of the moon and right away into space; if once it gets off into space with a speed as high as this, the moon's gravitational pull is too feeble to draw it back. Now the moon always turns the same face to the earth, and only goes round it once a month. It follows that the moon turns round in space once a month, so that after any region of its surface has once got into the sunlight, it stays there to be baked for a whole fortnight. As a result, it gets very hot indeed, its temperature rising to somewhere in the neighbourhood of 200° Fahrenheit, which is but little below the temperature of boiling water. If ever the moon had an atmosphere, its molecules must have acquired high speeds of motion in this extreme heat. Calculation shows that they would frequently exceed the critical speed of 1½ miles a second, and fly off into space never to return. And this is the whole story of how the moon lost its atmosphere.

Although the moon may, at first sight, look a paradise for climbers, mature consideration suggests that it may after all be but little suited either for a holiday resort or a permanent abode. A holiday party would not only have to take their own supplies of oxygen with them, but would also have to go prepared for a temperature of about 200° Fahrenheit on the sunny side—indeed, directly

under the sun it may be as high as 244° Fahrenheit above zero, or 32 degrees above the temperature of boiling water. If this proves too hot, the only alternative is the shady side, where things are worse, the temperature being about 244 degrees *below* zero—or of course coming back home.

Further than this, the surface of the moon is hardly such as to make a comfortable camping ground. M. Lyot of Meudon has recently examined how ordinary moonlight, which is of course sunlight reflected from the surface of the moon, compares in quality with sunlight reflected from various kinds of soils, clays, chalks and rocks. He found that it could be matched almost perfectly by the light reflected from volcanic ash, but could not be matched at all by the light reflected from any of the many other kinds of substance he tried. This makes it highly probable that the moon's surface consists of some sort of volcanic ash, and certainly this is in keeping with the general appearance of the lunar scenery, which looks exactly like a vast exhibition of extinct volcanoes.

Volcanic ash has the remarkable property of being an almost perfect non-conductor of heat, like the asbestos which is used for lagging hot-water pipes. If the moon's outer surface really consists of this substance, the heat which the sun pours down on its sunny side, will not experience the same violent changes of temperature as its surface. Calculation shows that the surface which has been baked in the sun for a fortnight may reach the temperature of boiling water, while the rock even half an inch below the surface is still below the freezing-point. Just as half an inch of asbestos prevents the heat escaping from our hot-water pipes, so half an inch of volcanic ash would prevent the sun's heat penetrating to the moon's interior. This is not pure imagination; it probably

describes the actual state of things on the moon fairly well. Two Mount Wilson astronomers, Pettit and Nicholson, have recently recorded the changes of temperature of the moon's surface during the progress of an eclipse. They found that as the earth's shadow crossed the face of the moon, and so cut off the supply of heat from the sun, the temperature fell; quite suddenly, from 194° Fahrenheit to —152°, or 184 degrees of frost—a drop of 346 degrees in a few minutes! We are accustomed to fairly marked changes of temperature on earth at an eclipse of the sun, and generally begin to feel very chilly as soon as the moon's shadow suddenly cuts off our supply of sunshine, but we never experience anything at all comparable to this. The reason is that the store of heat in our soil and atmosphere prevents the temperature from changing very abruptly. The dramatic suddenness with which the moon's surface changes from hot to cold shows that it possesses no store of heat at all comparable with that in the soil of the earth. This in turn means that the sun's heat can only penetrate a very thin surface-layer of the moon, and the rapidity with which the lunar temperature changes is entirely consistent with the supposition that the lunar surface consists of volcanic ash. Clearly then the moon is no place for a prolonged stay, and we had better let our rocket carry us on to the sun, as we originally intended.

Sir James Jeans.

XXIII

THE BIRDS' PLACE IN NATURE

To watch birds is delightful in itself; but most people like a background against which they can set their observations.

These feathered creatures, what are they in the economy of Nature? What is their history, what may be their future? How do they compare with other kinds of living things?

The master-key here is the idea of evolution; it unlocks the door through which alone our biological backgrounds become visible. There are no other animals built in at all the same way as birds. How did they come to evolve into their present condition?

The first thing that evolutionary study teaches us is that birds were not always so different from other creatures as they are to-day. The few fossil birds known from the Upper Cretaceous age, seventy or eighty million years back, all had teeth like any lizard. When we reach the Jurassic period, nearly twice as long ago, the only two specimens of birds so far found were so unlike any ordinary bird in their construction that, if it were not for the lucky accident of their having been embedded in such fine mud that the imprint of their feathers is still preserved to us, we should have been in doubt as to whether they were birds at all. They might almost equally well have been exceptionally agile reptiles, for they were toothed, had long jointed tail-bones, and big claws on their fore-limbs. And before this time in the

world's history, for all the hundreds of millions of years since life began, there were no birds at all.

Birds, in fact, are the offshoot from one kind of very active reptile, probably related to some of the smaller Dinosaurs. They became birds through the evolution of feathers out of scales, which first, by acting as a heat-retaining blanket, allowed their temperature to be kept at a high level, well above that of their surroundings, and secondly made flight possible. The other peculiarities of modern birds, such as their using their high body temperature to brood their eggs, the transformation of their originally long and awkward tail, like a kite's, into an efficient rudder-fan; or the lightening of their dead weight by the substitution of horny beaks for heavy teeth—all these came later. By about forty or fifty million years ago, all birds had become of the essentially modern type; nothing has happened since then save a perfecting of the different branches—duck, or hawk, or song-bird—for particular modes of life.

There have been three other groups of animals to achieve true flight; one, the flying insects, arose from a wholly different stock; and two from the same backboned stock to which the birds belong—the flying mammals or bats, and the flying reptiles or pterodactyls, the latter all long extinct.

The great advantage which the birds had over their vetebrate competitors in the art of flying was that they, possessing feathers, could make a wing of these; while the skinny flight-membranes of bats and pterodactyls had to be stretched taut and so demanded attachment to hind- as well as to fore-limb. Bats cannot run or hop, nor could pterodactyls; their legs are subordinated to their wings. But birds kept their legs clear of this

entanglement, as the ancestors of man kept their fore-limbs clear of running; and so birds were free both of the air and earth, one pair of limbs for each element.

Insects are the equals of birds in this respect; but they are inferior in another. They can never grow big. It would take too long to go into the reason why, but the fact remains; an insect as big as a swan or even as a thrush is, luckily for us, unthinkable. Small size is in itself a disadvantage; it brings the further disadvantage in its train that it prevents an animal having a constant temperature higher than its surroundings, for its bulk is so small in proportion to its surface that the heat generated by the chemical combustion in its muscles all leaks away in no time.

So insects are not only small, but the whole tempo of their lives goes up and down with the temperature of the outer world. They cannot achieve the constancy of living possible to a bird or mammal, and are at a great disadvantage in winter, being put out of action more or less completely by the cold.

However, though birds can grow big in comparison with insects, they are limited in size in comparison with other vertebrates. This comes from the fact of flight; the laws of aerodynamics make it very inconvenient for a flying bird to weigh much over fifty pounds, and quite impossible for it to weigh as much as a horse or even a leopard. It is only the birds which have given up flying, like ostrich or cassowary, or the extinct moa or dodo, which have even begun to grow big according to mammalian or reptilian standards.

The stock size for birds, in fact, is from something under an ounce to about ten or fifteen pounds; their

construction forces them to play their role in the world within these limits of weight.

The next valuable light which evolution throws on birds is that they do not in any way represent a past stage in man's evolutionary development, but have developed divergently along their own lines. Birds and mammals, in fact, represent two quite distinct branches of the tree of life, which developed quite independently from reptiles. And they developed from two quite distinct reptilian stocks, so that if we want to find a common ancestor for furry mammal and feathery bird, we must look for it in the most primitive kinds of reptiles, and must go back at least to the very beginning of the middle ages of life, about two hundred million years back. Their special resemblances, such as the uniform and high temperature, have been independently evolved in the two stocks, and in some cases, as with the division of the heart into two quite separate sides for more efficiency in circulation, though the result is the same, the evolutionary method followed has been dissimilar.

Birds have kept reptilian-looking scales on their feet, and have stuck to the reptile's method of reproduction by large-yolked eggs contained in a protective shell. In some ways, however, the bird branch has evolved beyond their rivals the mammals, and in these respects must be regarded as at the very tiptop of the tree of life. Birds have the highest temperature, and therefore the greatest speed of vital chemistry, of any creatures. They have the greatest activity, the greatest emotional variety: they show the highest extremes of beauty in colour and pattern; they have the most striking and highly developed courtship of any group of animals, and their songs are by far the most beautiful and elaborate music that the world knew before the coming of man. They are the

most mobile of creatures, and so are at a great advantage over every other kind of land animal in high latitudes; for they can breed there and take advantage of the riches of the Arctic lands and still more of the Arctic seas during the summer, and then migrate to temperate climates, leaving a few wretched foxes and reindeer to eke out existence over the inhospitable winter.

There are two lines in which mammals have beaten the world—in brain-development and efficient methods of reproduction. As regards reproduction, it seems clear that the fact of flight discouraged any adoption of the perfected mammalian method of nourishing the unborn young within the mother's body. Extra weight is a severe handicap to a bird; and when it can mature and lay its eggs one at a time, and yet hatch them out all at once by putting off incubation until all are laid, it would be a disadvantage to handicap itself by the weight of half a dozen embryos at once. And it is perhaps just because of the bird's very success in the matter of flight and of high temperature that they failed to progress further in regard to brains. So many avenues were thrown open to them through their mobility and their activity that no pressure lay on them to circumvent fate by means of intelligence. Possibly too, their relatively small size had some say in the matter. Intelligence depends on making new combinations of nerve-paths in the higher centres of the brain; and for this a much larger number of nerve-cells and fibres seem to be required than for even the most elaborate equipment of the fixed nerve-routes by which instincts operate.

One thing at least is certain and significant; whereas in the general stock of mammals, progress was being made and new specialized lines budded out up till a mere five or ten million years ago, and in the line of

man's descent evolutionary advance has continued up to the present and may well be prolonged into the future, *the birds settled down to stability about half-way through* the Tertiary Epoch, about twenty or thirty millions of years back, and since then, though they have doubtless sprouted out innumerable tiny side-twigs of new species and genera, do not seem to have made any real evolutionary progress.

Nor are they in the least likely to achieve any in the future. Like the insects, whose most advanced types such as the ants have been living the same kind of lives, endowed with the same kind of structure, for an even longer space of time, they appear to have reached the limit of perfection attainable, in the circumstances prevailing upon the earth, by the kind of creature which they are. They have attained the limiting speed of flight possible to living flying machines operating with feathers and one pair of wings; their temperature is as high as it can profitably be made; their migrations take them to the extreme of habitability in high latitudes; their ability in nest-building is as great as could be attained by instinct alone.

We must remember, however, that evolution is never all progress. Progress, it seems, there has always been, but it is progress in the upper limit of life's achievements, not in the great bulk of her productions. Indeed the impulsion to progress comes from the very fact that there already exists this great mass of animals and plants which have already reached a more or less final and stable relation with the world about them, and have already adequately filled the lower and more obvious places in life's economy. It is just because there exists such competition in the old ways of life that it is an advantage for any

creature to push forward and adopt new and improved methods.

Each group that has reached stability is thus filling a very definite place in the elaborate system of exchanges which constitutes the balance of Nature. Looked at from this point of view, as regards what they do rather than how they do it, birds take on a new interest. The great majority of them are eaters of other animals, either throughout life, or in the case of small grain-eating birds like various finches, throughout their greedy nestling period. In this they have stuck to the ancestral predilections of vertebrates, which were all in origin flesh-eaters; a herbivorous diet only began late in vertebrate evolution, with some of the big reptiles, and later and still more efficiently with some of the bigger mammals. Among birds, on the other hand, very few are herbivorous; such are some of the geese and ducks.

The birds as a whole thus stuck to a meat diet; but their average size determined the average size of their prey. The great majority of them are so moderate in bulk that they can only eat small creatures; and these small creatures, though they will include worms and snails and spiders, will by the nature of the biological world be for the most part insects. Some of the larger birds eat creatures up to the scale of frogs and mice, or are carrion-feeders, or prey on other, smaller birds; and there are of course numerous water-birds which live on crustacea, the aquatic equivalent of insects, on molluscs, and on fish. But if we could take statistics of the food of all birds, in especial of all land birds, we should find that insects headed the list.

Now insects, in contradistinction to vertebrates, are in the great majority vegetable-feeders, both by ancestral pre-dilection and modern practice. So that in regard to

what we may call biological trade, the complicated circulation of matter through lifeless forms in earth, water and air, through green plants, animal bodies, and microscopic scavengers like moulds and bacteria, and back into lifeless forms again, the net effect of birds is to be a check upon insects in their consumption of green plants and their products. In this way they are obviously the allies of man; remove every bird in the world at one stroke, the biological balance would be tilted, and it would be much harder even than now to protect man's crops and trees from the ravages of their persistent insect consumers. Birds in fact are one of the few groups of animals whose activities as a whole are useful to man.

Julian Huxley.

XXIV

LIGHT AND COLOUR IN NATURE

The face of Nature as presented to us is infinitely varied, but to those who love her it is ever beautiful and interesting. The blue of the sky, the glories of sunrise and sunset, the ever-shifting panorama of the clouds, the varied colours of forest and field, and the star-sprinkled sky at night—these and many other scenes pass before our eyes on the never-ending drama of light and colour which Nature presents for our benefit. The man of science observes Nature with the eye of understanding, but her beauties are not lost on him for that reason. More truly it can be said that understanding refines our vision and heightens our appreciation of what is striking or beautiful. Many a time also has it been the case that the study of natural phenomena has pointed the way to a far-reaching advance in the knowledge. Nature, for instance, provides us, during thunderstorms, with a most striking demonstration of the power of electricity to generate light in its passage through matter. It may be recalled that it is the same power which is harnessed to-day in a dozen different ways for the service of mankind by our electrical industries.

Another illustration may also be given. Looking at the sky on any dark night, we see a great number of bright points of light of varied brightness and colour which we designate the stars. It is the examination through the spectroscope of the light received from the stars, the general similarity of their spectra to that of sunlight, and the variation in detail of the spectral characters with their colour and absolute brightness, that

has been the principal means of revealing to us the stellar nature of our Sun, or if we prefer to so put it, the solar nature of the distant stars, and thereby of establishing the essential similarity of the different parts of the Universe, and tracing the process of stellar evolution.

An interesting field of inquiry which suggests itself to the scientific investigator is the question of the origin of the colour of various objects in nature with which we are familiar. We shall now consider some typical problems of this kind.

It is necessary for us to be clear on one point. What is meant by the colour of an object? Is it the colour of the light reflected by the surface of the object, or is it the colour of the light which has passed through it, or the colour of the light diffused within its interior, and thence emerging? It may seem surprising to raise so many questions about what appears at first sight to be a simple matter. Actually, however, the colour of a substance as defined in these three ways may be entirely different. A typical example is the colour of water. The light reflected by the surface of water is evidently of the same colour as the light falling on it. If, for instance, sunlight falls on the surface of water, the reflected light will be of the same colour as sunlight. The colour of a beam of white light which has passed through a column of water will on the other hand be influenced by *any specific absorption which water may possess for* the different parts of the solar spectrum. Actually, even the purest water exercises a sensible absorption for the red and yellow rays of the spectrum. Hence, sunlight which has passed through a long column of water exhibits a distinct greenish tinge. Then again, the passage of light through water is attended by a diffusion of the

light, firstly by any suspended particles and secondly by the molecules of the water themselves. If the suspended particles are sufficiently small in number and therefore of negligible importance, the diffusion of light within the water will be due principally to the molecules of the water, and the colour of the diffused light will be a sky-blue colour.

It thus becomes evident that the colour of water as seen in any particular circumstances depends on the extent to which the reflexion of light at its surface, the specific absorption of the red and yellow rays of the spectrum in the passage of the light through the water, and finally, the diffusion of light within the interior of the liquid, determine the observed effects. It is not surprising therefore that the apparent colour of even the clearest water varies with the circumstances of observation.

If the surface reflection is eliminated, as for instance, by looking vertically downwards, and the water is sufficiently clear and sufficiently deep, then the colour is determined by the joint effects of absorption and diffusion by the molecules and is of a dark blue colour, much deeper than the blue of even the clearest sky. If on the other hand, only relatively small depths come into play, as for instance, when the water is churned up and is full of air bubbles or is contained in a relatively shallow basin, the diffusion effect becomes negligible and the water appears green or greenish blue.

This detailed consideration of the colour of water is by way of illustrating the general principles of the subject, and emphasizing the fact that an object may exhibit vivid colour and may yet not be coloured at all in the sense of exercising any genuine absorption over any part of the spectrum of the light passing through it. The colour of the blue sky and the gorgeous colours exhibited by the

sky and the clouds at sunrise and sunset are typical examples of how the diffusion of light by small particles or by the molecules of matter acting preferentially on the shorter wave-lengths in the solar spectrum give rise to vivid colours. *The colour of the diffused light is blue,* while the colour of the light which escapes diffusion is determined predominantly by the longer waves in the solar spectrum, and is thus yellow, orange or red, which are the familiar sunset colours.

The diffusion of light in the earth's atmosphere whether by the molecules of the air or by the particles of dust or watermist suspended in it, plays a large part in determining the general appearance of a landscape and especially of the more distant parts. A surprisingly large part of the illumination which reaches the eye is due not to the distant object towards which the eye is directed, but to the light diffused by the intervening atmosphere. The elimination of this diffuse light should greatly improve the visibility of the distant object. This may be effected by using a nicol or polaroid suitably held in front of the eye. This device quenches a considerable part of the diffuse illumination due to the atmosphere and enables the distant object to be more clearly seen. The same result is even more efficiently achieved by the use of a deep red or so-called infra-red filter placed in front of the eye or of the lens of the photographic camera. The startling increase in clearness of distant landscapes which may be attained in this way is well known.

Broadly analogous to the colour of water is the colour exhibited by the large masses of clear ice found in glaciers and in icebergs. Laboratory experiments show that a beam of sunlight in passage through ice undergoes diffusion, the track of the light appearing of a sky-blue colour.

The specific absorption of the red and yellow rays of the spectrum characteristic of pure water is also probably shared by ice. The absorption and diffusion effects combine to give the varied colours, ranging from a light green to a dark blue, characteristic of ice of various depths and clearness.

Sir C. V. Raman.

XXV

TO THE REV. JOHN NEWTON

November 30, 1783.

My Dear Friend,

I have neither long visits to pay nor to receive, nor ladies to spend hours in telling me that which might be told in five minutes, yet often find myself obliged to be an economist of time, and to make the most of a short opportunity. Let our station be as retired as it may, there is no want of playthings and avocations, nor much need to seek them, in this world of wars. Business, or what presents itself to us under that imposing character, will find us out, even in the stillest retreat, and plead its importance, however trivial in reality, as a just demand upon our attention. It is wonderful how, by means of such real or seeming necessities, my time is stolen away. I have just time to observe that time is short, and by the time I have made the observation time is gone. I have wondered in former days at the patience of the antediluvian world; that they could endure a life almost millenary with so little variety as seems to have fallen to their share. It is probable that they had much fewer employments than we. Their affairs lay in a narrower compass; their libraries were indifferently furnished; philosophical researches were carried on with much less industry and acuteness of penetration; and fiddles, perhaps, were not even invented. How then could seven or eight hundred years of life be supportable? I have asked this question formerly, and been at a loss to resolve it; but I think I can answer it now. I will suppose myself born thousand years before Noah was born or thought of.

rise with the sun; I worship; I prepare my breakfast; I swallow a bucket of goat's milk, and a dozen good sizeable cakes. I fasten a new string to my bow, and my youngest boy, a lad of about thirty years of age, having played with my arrows till he has stript off all the feathers, I find myself obliged to repair them. The morning is thus spent in preparing for the chase, and it is become necessary that I should dine. I dig up my roots; I wash them; I boil them; I find them not done enough; I boil them again; my wife is angry; we dispute; we settle the point; but in the meantime the fire goes out and must be kindled again. All this is very amusing. I hunt; I bring home the prey; with the skin of it I mend an old coat, or I make a new one. By this time the day is far spent; I feel myself fatigued, and retire to rest. Thus what with tilling the ground and eating the fruit of it, hunting, and walking, and running, and mending old clothes, and sleeping and rising again, I can suppose an inhabitant of the primeval world so much occupied as to sigh over the shortness of life, and to find at the end of many centuries that they had all slipped through his fingers, and were passed away like a shadow. What wonder then that I, who live in a day of so much greater refinement, when there is so much more to be wanted, and wished, and to be enjoyed, should feel myself now and then pinched in point of opportunity, and at some loss for leisure to fill four sides of a sheet like this. Thus, however, it is; and if the ancient gentlemen to whom I have referred, and their complaints of the disproportion of time to the occasions they had for it, will not serve as an excuse, I must even plead guilty, and confess that I am often in haste when I have no good reason for being so.

This by way of introduction; now for my letter. Mr. Scott is desired by Mr. De Coetlegon to contribute to the Theological Review, of which, I suppose, that gentleman is a manager. He says he has insured your assistance, and at the same time desires mine, either in prose or verse. He did well to apply to you, because you can afford him substantial help; but as for me, had he known me better, he would never have suspected me for a theologian, either in rhyme or otherwise.

Lord Dartmouth's Mr. Wright spent near two hours with me this morning; a respectable old man, whom I always see with pleasure, both for his master's sake and for his own. I was glad to learn from him that his lordship has better health than he has enjoyed for some years—Believe me, my dear friend, your affectionate,

Wm. Cowper.

XXVI

TO MEREDITH

Sept. 5th, 1893,
Vailima Plantation, Upolu,
Samoa.

My dear Meredith,

I have again and again taken up the pen to write to you, and many beginnings have gone into the wastepaper basket (I have one now—for the second time in my life—and feel a big man on the strength of it). And no doubt it requires some decision to break so long a silence.

My health is vastly restored, and I am now living patriarchally in this place, 600 feet above the sea, on the shoulder of a mountain of 1,500. Behind me, the unbroken bush slopes up to the backbone of the island without a house, with no inhabitants save a few runaway black boys, wild pigs and cattle, and wild doves, and flying foxes, and many parti-coloured birds, and many black, and many white; a very eerie, dim, strange place, and hard to travel.

I am the head of a household of five whites, and of twelve Samoans, to all of whom I am the chief and father; my cook comes to me and asks leave to marry; and his mother, a fine old chief woman, who has never lived here, does the same. You may be sure I granted the petition. It is a life of great interests, complicated by the Tower of Babel, that old enemy. And I have all the time on my hands for literary work.

My house is a great place; we have a hall fifty feet long, with a great redwood stair ascending from it,

where we dine in state—myself usually dressed in a singlet and a pair of trousers—and attended on by servants in a single garment, a kind of kilt—also flowers and leaves—and their hair often powdered with lime. The European who came upon it suddenly would think it was a dream.

I have asked Colvin to send you a copy of *Catriona*, which I am sometimes tempted to think is about my best work. I hear word occasionally of the *Amazing Marriage*. It will be a brave day for me when I get hold of it. Gower Woodseer is now an ancient, lean, grim, exiled Scot, living and labouring as for a wager in the tropics; still active, still with lots of fire in him, but the youth—ah, the youth—where is it?

For fourteen years I have not had a day's real health; I have wakened sick and gone to bed weary, and I have done my work unflinchingly. I have written in bed and written out of it, written in sickness, written torn by coughing, written when my head swam for weakness. I am better now, have been rightly speaking, since first I came to the Pacific, and still, few are the days when I am not in some physical distress. And the battle goes on—ill or well is a trifle—so as it goes. I was made for a contest, and the Powers have so willed it that my battlefield should be this dingy, inglorious one of the bed and the physic bottle. At least I have not failed, but I would have preferred a place of trumpetings and the open air over my head.

Meanwhile, be sure that away in the midst of the Pacific, there is a house on a wooded island where the name of George Meredith is very dear, and his memory (since it must be no more) is continually honoured.

Ever your friend,
Robert Louis Steven-

XXVII

GETTYSBURG SPEECH

Speech at the Dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg.

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that the nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Abraham Lincoln.

XXVIII

THE UNIVERSITIES HAVE MUCH TO TEACH US

I have come back after a long while to my home town of Allahabad to which I have almost become a stranger. During these fifteen months I have lived in New Delhi, next door to old Delhi City. What do these two cities convey to us, what pictures and thoughts do they bring to our minds? When I think of them, the long vista of India's history stretches out before me, not so much the succession of Kings and Emperors, but rather that of the inner life of a nation, its cultural activities in many fields, its spiritual adventures and its voyages in the realms of thought and action. The life of a nation, and more specially of a nation like India, is lived principally in the villages. Nevertheless, it is the cities that represent the highest cultural achievements of the age, as they also do sometimes the more unpleasant aspects of human life. So these cities remind me of the cultural growth of India, of that inner strength and balance which come from long ages of civilization and culture. We have been very proud of this inheritance of ours in India, and rightly so. And yet, where do we stand to-day?

It is well that we put this question to ourselves in this ancient city of Allahabad and in this seat of learning. The Universities have much to teach in the modern world and their scope of activity ever enlarges. I am myself a devotee of science and believe that the world would ultimately be saved, if it is to be saved, by the method and approach of science. But whatever path of learning we may pursue, and however profitable it might seem to us,

there is a certain basis and foundation without which the house of learning is built on shifting sands. It is for a University to realise and to lay stress on this essential basis and foundation, those standards of thought and action, which make an individual and a nation. Above all this is necessary to-day, during this extremely rapid phase of transition, when old values have almost left us and we have adopted no new ones. Freedom came to us, our long-sought freedom, and it came with a minimum of violence. But immediately after, we had to wade through oceans of blood and tears. Worse than the blood and tears was the shame and disgrace that accompanied them. Where were our values and standards then, where was our old culture, our humanism and spirituality and all that India has stood for in the past? Suddenly darkness descended upon this land and madness seized the people. Fear and hatred blinded our minds and all the restraints that civilization imposes were swept away. Horror piled on horror and a sudden emptiness seized us at the brute savagery of human beings. The lights seemed all to go out; not all, for a few still flickered in the raging tempest. We sorrowed for the dead and the dying and for those whose suffering was greater than death. We sorrowed even more for India, our common mother, for whose freedom we had laboured these long years.

The lights seemed to go out. But one bright flame continued to burn and shed its light on the surrounding gloom. And looking at that pure flame, strength and hope returned to us and we felt that whatever momentary disaster might overwhelm our people, there was the spirit of India, strong and unsullied, rising above the turmoil of the present and not caring for the petty exigencies of the day. How many of you realise what it has meant

to India to have the presence of Mahatma Gandhi during these months? We all know of his magnificent services to India and to freedom during the past half century and more. But no service could have been greater than the one he has performed during the last four months when in a dissolving world he has been like a rock of purpose and a lighthouse of truth, and his firm low voice has risen above the clamours of the multitude, pointing to the path of rightful endeavour.

And because of this bright flame we could not lose faith in India and her people. And yet the surrounding gloom was in itself a menace. Why should we relapse into this gloom when the sun of freedom has arisen? It is necessary for all of us, and more especially young men and young women in the Universities, to pause and think for a while on these basic matters, for the future of India is taking shape in the present, and the future is going to be what millions of young men and women want it to be. There is to-day a narrowness and intolerance and insensitiveness and lack of awareness which rather frighten me. We have recently passed through a great world war. That war has not brought peace and freedom, but it should teach us many lessons. It brought the downfall of what had been called Fascism and Nazism. Both of these creeds were narrow and overbearing and based on hatred and violence. I watched their growth in their respective countries as well as elsewhere. They brought a certain prestige to their people for a while, but they also killed the spirit and destroyed all values and standards of thought and behaviour. They ended by ruining the nations they sought to exalt.

I see something very similar to that flourishing in India to-day. It talks in the name of nationalism, sometimes of religion and culture, and yet it is the very opposite

of nationalism, of true morality and of real culture. If there was any doubt of this, the past few months have shown us the real picture. For some years we have had to contend against the policy of hatred and violence and narrow communalism on the part of a section of the community. Now, that section has succeeded in forming a State carved out of certain parts of India. Muslim communalism, which had been such a danger and obstruction to Indian freedom, now calls itself a State. It has ceased to be a living force in India proper to-day, because its strength is concentrated in other parts. But it has resulted in degrading other sections of the community who seek to copy it and sometimes even to improve upon it. We have now to face this reaction in India and the cry is raised for a communal State, even though the words used may be different. And not only a communal State is demanded, but in all fields of political and cultural activity the same narrowing and strangling demand is put forward.

If we look back at India's long history we find that our forefathers made wonderful progress whenever they looked out on the world with clear and fearless eyes and kept the windows of their minds open to give and to receive. And, in later periods, when they grew narrow in outlook and shrank from outside influences, India suffered a set-back, politically and culturally. What a magnificent inheritance we have, though we have abused it often enough. India has been and is a vital nation, in spite of all the misery and suffering that she has experienced. That vitality in the realm of constructive and creative effort spread to many parts of the Asian world and elsewhere and brought splendid conquests in its train. Those conquests were not so much of the sword, but of the mind and heart which bring healing

and which endure when the men of the sword and their work are forgotten. But that very vitality, if not rightly and creatively directed, may turn inward and destroy and degrade.

Even during the brief span of our lives we have seen these two forces at play in India and the world at large—the forces of constructive and creative effort and the forces of destruction. Which will triumph in the end? And on which side do we stand? That is a vital question for each one of us and, more especially, for those from whom the leaders of the nation will be drawn, and on whom the burden of to-morrow will fall. We dare not sit on the fence and refuse to face the issue. We dare not allow our minds to be befuddled by passion and hatred when clear thought and effective action are necessary.

What kind of India are we working for, and what kind of world? Are hatred and violence and fear and communalism and narrow provincialism to mould our future? Surely not, if there has been any truth in us and in our professions. Here in this city of Allahabad, dear to me not only because of my close association with it, but also because of its part in India's history, my boyhood and youth were spent in dreaming dreams and seeing visions of India's future. Was there any real substance in those dreams or were they merely the fancies of a fevered brain? Some small part of those dreams has come true, but not in the manner I had imagined, and so much still remains. Instead of a feeling of triumph at achievement, there is an emptiness and distress at the sorrow that surrounds us, and we have to wipe the tears from a million eyes.

A University stands for humanism, for tolerance, for reason, for progress, for the adventure of ideas and for

the search for truth. It stands for the onward march of the human race towards even higher objectives. If the Universities discharge their duty adequately, then it is well with the nation and the people. But if the temple of learning itself becomes a home of narrow bigotry and petty objectives, how then will the nation prosper or a people grow in stature?

A vast responsibility, therefore, rests on our Universities and educational institutions and those who guide their destinies. They have to keep their lights burning and must not stray from the right path even when passion convulses the multitude and blinds many amongst those whose duty it is to set an example to others. We are not going to reach our goal through crookedness or flirting with evil in the hope that it may lead to good. The right end can never be fully achieved through wrong means.

Let us be clear about our national objective. We aim at a strong, free and democratic India where every citizen has an equal place and full opportunity of growth and service, where present-day inequalities in wealth and status have ceased to be, where our vital impulses are directed to creative and co-operative endeavour. In such an India communalism, separatism, isolation, untouchability, bigotry, and exploitation of man by man have no place, and while religion is free, it is not allowed to interfere with the political and economic aspects of a nation's life. If that is so, then all this business of Hindu and Muslim and Christian and Sikh must cease in so far as our political life is concerned and we must build a united but composite nation where both individual and national freedom are secure.

We have passed through grievous trials. We have survived them but at a terrible cost, and the legacy they

have left in our tortured minds and stunted souls will pursue us for a long time. Our trials are not over. Let us prepare ourselves for them in the spirit of free and disciplined men and women, stout of heart and purpose, who will not stray from the right path and forget our ideals and objectives. We have to start this work of healing and we have to build and create. The wounded body and spirit of India call upon all of us to dedicate ourselves to this great task. May we be worthy of the task and of India!

Jawaharlal Nehru.

NOTES

I

THE ADVENTURES OF A SHILLING

Joseph Addison (1672-1719) one of the best-known and most elegant of the English essayists. He was a keen observer and wrote in a delightful manner on various aspects of contemporary life and literature. His style is remarkable for its ease, clarity and grace.

Sir Francis Drake: (1540-1596) a famous English sailor who sailed round the world. He plundered the Spanish ships carrying silver from Peru to Spain, and conquered the Spanish Armada, which intended to invade England.

Templar: a law student of the Inner or Middle Temple, two inns of court.

List: enlist

Artist: the worker of the Royal Mint.

Oliver Cromwell: Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England from 1649 to 1658

Change of Sex: the shilling was probably reminted owing to a change of régime.

The Splendid Shilling: a burlesque poem by J. Phillips, published in 1705 It is a caricature of Milton's style and manner.

II

DOCTORS

Oliver Goldsmith (1728-1774), novelist, poet, dramatist and essayist, was born in Ireland, but lived his life as a literary man in England, in the company of some of the best and greatest men of his times Goldsmith's best-known works are a series of essays, collected in *The Citizen of the World*, two poems, *The Traveller* and *The Deserted Village*, a novel, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, and two comedies, *The Good natured Man* and *She Stoops to Conquer*.

The style of his essays is simple, and is marked by humour and pathos.

Confucius: (550-478 B.C.) Chinese philosopher and moralist. His maxims and sayings have played an important part in forming the character of the Chinese people.

electuary: medicinal powders mixed with sugar or honey.

III

MACKERY END, IN HERTFORDSHIRE

Charles Lamb (1775-1834) is one of the most delightful of English essayists. His essays remain unsurpassed for their depth and tenderness of feeling and their richness of fancy. They were published in two volumes under the title of Essays of Elia. Lamb's manner varies according to his theme and mood. It can be poetic, archaic, rambling, fanciful, but it is always pleasing.

Bridget Elia: Lamb's sister, Mary Lamb.

The rash king's offspring: a reference to the daughter of Jephthah, one of the Judges of Israel. Jephthah had taken a vow that if he was victorious he would sacrifice the first thing that came out of his house on his return. This happened to be his daughter and only child, whom he sacrificed, after allowing her two months to lament her unmarried state.

to bewail my celibacy: as Jephthah's daughter bewailed her virginity.

Old Burton: a famous English divine, and author of *The Anatomy of Melancholy*.

Religio Medici: a well-known book by Sir Thomas Browne, a writer of the seventeenth century.

intellectuals: mental powers.

Margaret Newcastle: Duchess of Newcastle (1624-1673), who wrote a large number of books.

To beat up the Quarters: a military expression which means a sudden attack upon an enemy. Here it means an unexpected incursion into a person's house.

'*Heart of June*': from Ben Jonson's *Epithalamium* for Mrs. John Weston.

Be thou . . . creation: Wordsworth's poem *Yarrow Visited* (lines 41-44).

The Two Spiritual Cousins: the Virgin Mary (the mother of Jesus Christ) and Elizabeth (the mother of John the Baptist)

B. G. Barron Field: (1787-1846) an English barrister, who became a Judge of the Supreme Court at Sydney and later on Chief Justice of Gibraltar.

The fatted calf was made ready: a grand feast was arranged. The story is of the Prodigal Son (Luke XV, 23 and 30)

IV

THE FIGHT

William Hazlitt (1778-1830), essayist and critic, was the son of a minister, and was himself destined for the church, but took to painting, which he soon forsook for literature He was unamiable and had strained relations with most of those whom he knew His essays are remarkable for their vividness and sincerity of tone, though they lack humour and spontaneity.

This essay was published in *The New Monthly Magazine*, 1822. It is a famous essay on boxing, a favourite English sport. The fight which Hazlitt describes took place in the open air. Tom Hickman was called 'gas-light man' from his trade. He was a famous fighter, fiery and daring, but a boaster. Bill Neate was also a great fighter, but was modest and unassuming.

Between the acting . . . : from *Julius Caesar* (Act II, Sc. 1, lines 63-65)

Cockneys: poorer Londoners, who could not afford to travel sixty-six miles.

Ajax: one of the Greek heroes at the Siege of Troy

with Atlantean shoulders: from *Paradise Lost*, where Milton is describing Beelzebub.

Diomed: another Greek hero at Troy.

grinned horrible: from *Paradise Lost*, line 846

Petit maitreship: antics of a dancing master

like two clouds: from *Paradise Lost*, lines 714 716

Dante, Alighieri: (1265-1321) the greatest of Italian poets, whose *La Divina Commedia* is famous, and has been translated into most of the languages of the world.

Carrier-pigeons: one of the speediest ways of sending news employed at the time.

V

OF SILVER PAPER

E. V. Lucas (1868-1938), one of the best-known of modern English essayists. He has written many essays on a variety of themes. Of the modern essayists he has succeeded most in capturing the true spirit of the personal essay. Perhaps this has been due partly to his study of Lamb, whose essays and letters he has edited. Lucas has also written a life of Charles Lamb in two volumes.

Lucas is an essayist of remarkable charm, and his essays, besides being written in an inimitable style, have humour and geniality of tone.

Swiss Family Robinson: the story of a family wrecked on a desert island, written by Rudolf Wyss, Professor of Philosophy at Berne, and first published in 1812. It was translated into English in 1814.

ab initio: from the beginning.

Royal Academy: was founded in 1768 for the annual exhibition of works of contemporary artists.

Robinson Crusoe: a novel by Daniel Defoe, published in 1719.

Encyclopaedists: those who helped in writing the great French Encyclopédie of the 18th Century. An encyclopaedist would be a person having information on all branches of subjects.

VI

THE NEW CAT

Robert Lynd (1879-1949), a well-known Irish essayist and journalist of the twentieth century, who was a regular contributor to the *New Statesman and Nation*, and was literary editor of the *News Chronicle*. He is an extremely pleasant and entertaining author, good humour

being the characteristic of all his essays. His essays are marked by a geniality and lightness of tone. He is a keen observer and lover of nature and has written on a variety of subjects.

Deck chairs: a light chair, used on the decks of ships or in a garden.

lupin a plant noted for its long clusters of white, yellow, pink or purple blossom

Solomon's seal an evergreen herb with arching stems from which hang greenish white bell-shaped flowers

Memophila an annual garden plant, having bright blue flowers with white centres

dickie a child's bib

VII

CRUSOE VISITS THE WRECK

After a series of unsuccessful business ventures and some journalism, Daniel Defoe, at the age of fifty-eight, wrote *Robinson Crusoe*, which was published in 1719. It is often regarded as the first English novel, and it is an adventure story which is read by nearly every English schoolboy. Its plot seems to have been suggested by accounts published a little earlier of the four years' exile of a certain Alexander Selkirk on the island of Juan Fernandez, off the coast of South America. Although Defoe's book is pure fiction, he succeeds in making us believe that Crusoe's adventures are true, and makes him tell his own story.

We are told that on the first of September 1651, much against the wishes of his parents Crusoe ran away to sea, and had his first experience of storms between the port of Hull and London. From here he joined another ship and eventually reached Brazil, where he settled for several years. Then he attempted to cross to Africa to the Guinea coast in search of negro slaves for the American plantations. On this voyage Crusoe's ship was driven by a storm on to a sandbank, and Crusoe and others tried to reach a neighbouring island in the ship's boat. This was overturned by a tremendous wave, and eventually Crusoe escaped alone to land. After passing the first night in a tree in order to be safe from possible wild animals, he discovered that the ship had been carried further towards land

by the sea, and that he could swim out and salvage some of the contents.

bulged: torn open.

all her quarter was free: the rear quarter of the ship was free, or clear, of the water.

what was free: what was free from harm.

to spirit: to inspire, to encourage.

rack: arrack.

indraft: a current in the sea drawing Crusoe in towards the shore.

here I had like to have dipped: here I would have been likely to dip.

my raft drew about a foot of water: required about a foot of water to float in.

smelled of it: smelt it.

I thanked her: I thanked her for her courtesy.

I was fain to open the barrels: I was obliged to open the barrels. Cf. below *fain to cut them in pieces*.

runlets: or rundlets, small round casks for wine.

VIII

SOME ADVENTURES IN BROBDINGNAG

Jonathan Swift (1667-1745) is among the greatest of English satirists. *Gulliver's Travels* is a satire, though it is read by children and even by adults simply as an enjoyable story of adventure. It tells of the adventures of Lemuel Gulliver, who travelled as a ship's surgeon into various parts of the world, and recounts how on four occasions he became separated from his fellows in lands where there dwelt strange inhabitants. In Lilliput they were six inches high, with everything about them in proportion. Seen from Gulliver's height, the pomp of their king, their political and religious differences, even their wars, seemed contemptible. In such a way Swift poured scorn on contemporary English life.

On his next voyage Gulliver set out from England for Surat, and found himself accidentally left ashore on the island of Brobdingnag. Here the inhabitants were about a hundred feet in height, and it was Gulliver's turn to seem little and contemptible. Again Swift

is satirising his contemporaries, for when the King of Brobdingnag enquires into the state of affairs in Europe and receives Gulliver's replies, he sums up his impressions in these words: "By what I have gathered from your own relation . . . I cannot but conclude the bulk of your natives to be the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth."

Gulliver is first found in Brobdingnag by a farmer, who takes him in a box to the King's court. The Queen buys him as a present for the King, and retains Glumdalclitch, the farmer's daughter, as a kind of nurse for Gulliver. It is at court that the adventures described here take place.

creep on all four: creep along on hands and knees. It is interesting to notice that the modern phrase is *on all fours.*

in ten days: for ten days. Cf. the American usage *I have not seen him in years.*

hanger: a short sword hanging from the belt.

wrung off: modern usage says simply *wrung.*

contrive: here means *design.*

corking pin: a large pin.

largeness and conveniency: neither word is in use nowadays.

wanted: lacked.

leads: roofs covered with lead sheeting.

chaps: chops or cheeks.

IX

HOW MR PICKWICK UNDERTOOK TO DRIVE

Charles Dickens (1812-1870) spent some years of his childhood in Kent at Chatham near Rochester on the River Medway, where his father was a pay clerk to the Navy. Later in life he returned to Kent and settled at Gadshill. Rochester and its neighbourhood are mentioned in many of his novels. His *Pickwick Papers* is one of his earliest writings and was published in monthly parts from April 1836 to November 1837. Its construction is simple. Mr Samuel Pickwick is the Chairman of the Pickwick Club, and together with

three fellow-members of the Club, Mr. Tracy Tupman, Mr. Augustus Snodgrass and Mr. Nathaniel Winkle, he journeys into various parts of England armed with a notebook ready to record his impressions of men and manners, and to send them back to London for the enlightenment of the remaining members of the Club. The novel gives us an account of the adventures of the four travellers.

When we meet them they have reached Rochester, have attended a military review and have been invited by a Mr. Wardle to visit him at his home, Manor Farm, Dingley Dell. The next morning they set out to find the place.

post-chaise: a light carriage for one or two persons, hired for travelling from one post or place to another.

vaggin-load of monkeys: a local pronunciation of *waggon*. Cf. *Villiam* for *William* later. *As artful as a waggon-load of monkeys* is a popular saying.

Wo-o: often written *Whoa*. The regular way of calling to a horse to stop.

quickset: a thorny bush used for making hedges, grown from living or quick cuttings of the plant set in the ground.

Better er seven mile: the better part of seven miles, i.e. nearly seven miles.

No, t'ant: No, it is not.

I woant have nothin' to say to 'un: I will have nothing to say to him.

Emma . . . Jane . . . Mary: the names of maidservants.

X

THEIR FIRST SUCCESS

The Good Companions, written by J. B. Priestley and published in 1929, tells how Jess Oakroyd, a Yorkshire mill-worker, Miss Trant, whose father's death releases her from domestic duties in a Gloucestershire village, and Inigo Jollifant, a young schoolmaster with a flair for piano-playing, leave their homes, and, after a number of adventures, meet a stranded touring concert party at the Midland town of Rawsley. Inigo brings with him Morton Mitcham, whom he has met on the road. Miss Trant, transformed by her new freedom,

decides to finance the concert party. Jess Oakroyd becomes the odd-job man, Inigo is enrolled as pianist and Mitcham joins the party as a banjo-player and performer of card tricks. The concert party is re named "The Good Companions" and, led by Miss Trant, moves on to perform at Dotworth.

The original members of the party are Jimmy Nunn, a comedian, a married couple known to the company as Mr. and Mrs. Joe, baritone and contralto singers, whose little son, George, is left behind in London, Susie Dean, a comedienne, Elsie Longstaff, another singer, and Jerry Jerningham, who is both a comedian and a dancer. When we meet the company, they have just reached the seaside town of Sandybay. *It is here that they meet with their first success.*

blue jerseys, mahogany faces boatmen wearing blue jerseys, with faces tanned the colour of mahogany by the sun and wind.

bidding Three No Trumps undertaking in co-operation with one's partner to secure nine tricks, or a hundred points, and so win a *game in Bridge, without the use of trump cards* *Sometimes* a risky bid or promise to make

artiste the French form of the word *artist* is retained in English to describe a professional singer or performer

Scotch or Draught Bass whisky made in Scotland or a kind of beer made by Messrs Bass and Co, which is drawn from the barrel through the tap and not sold in bottles

Nought Three 1903

closing day in addition to Sundays, shops have an afternoon holiday on one day of the week This is known as *early closing day*

Jonahs in the book of the Bible named after him, the prophet Jonah disobeys God's call to go to Nineveh, and takes ship to Spain A storm arises, and the sailors assume that someone on board has brought them ill luck When they discover Jonah's guilt they blame him *Jonah* therefore means a member of a party who is imagined to bring ill luck

five curtains at the end of a stage performance the curtain is lowered, and raised again to permit the performers to receive applause If there is a great deal of applause the curtain may be lowered and raised several times, there may be several *curtains*

number, item on the concert programme.

'frosts' theatrical slang for *failures*

a quick one: a drink taken in the few minutes at the drinker's disposal.

guarantee: the proprietors of concert halls, in promising to pay the more reliable concert parties a minimum sum, make a guarantee of so much. If the takings exceed this figure, a further percentage of those takings will be paid to the concert party.

hard cheese: hard luck, possibly from *chiz*.

sold her the gold brick: cheated her.

Ther'll nobbut . . . I do 'knaw . . . : Yorkshire dialect meaning, " . . . There will be nothing but standing room for those who come at the last minute, I dare say. All the folk where I'm lodging and their friends and relations are coming, I know."

I'm right glad. It's champion: "I am very glad. It is very good."

the mighty deep . . . Angus Macdonald . . . looking for a boy: references to the themes of songs.

bouquet of roses: sometimes a popular performer is rewarded by some admirer with a bouquet.

hand: theatrical slang for *applause*, made by clapping the hands.

props: theatrical slang for moveable objects used in a performance, sometimes called properties.

Mudby-on-the-Wash: a fictitious place-name invented by the speaker to describe some remote village.

XI

THE HOME-COMING

Rabindranath Tagore (1861-1941) has been one of the greatest Indians of modern times. A great poet, a writer of novels, dramas and short stories, he has interpreted India to the rest of the world. He gained world-wide recognition when, in 1913, he was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature.

Tagore was a born story teller. His stories depict the life of the Bengal villagers, and also of those who live in towns. They are humorous, pathetic, and have at times a satiric touch.

The Home-Coming is one of his best-known stories, and shows a remarkable insight into the mind of young children.

Tod had great sympathy with the people among whom his official life was spent. He was impressed by the virtues of the Rajputs and also by the adventurous side of the Rajput character. In him the Rajputs found a sympathetic historian. Tod's work *The Annals and Antiquities of Rajasthan*, though not always sober and correct history, is a classic, which deserves to be better known to the present generation.

His crafty opponent: Akbar, the Mughal emperor.

nakkaras: war drums.

Sher Shah: an Afghan soldier of fortune who made himself master of Behar, defeated Humayun and ruled for five years under the title of Sher Shah.

Sanga: Rana Sanga, the hero of a hundred fights, and the leader of the Rajput Confederacy. He was defeated by Babur at the battle of Sikri.

Udai Singh: son of the famous Rana Sanga. Udai Singh was defeated by Akbar who captured Chitore.

in terrorem: as a warning.

Raja Man: one of the Commanders of the Mughal Army. He was a Prince of Jaipur; his grandfather Behari Mal was the first Rajput to join Akbar's Court.

Apostate son of Sagarji Mahabat Khan: Tod was not correct in believing that Mahabat Khan was a Rajput.

Col: a depression or pass in a mountain range.

dromedary: Arabian riding camel with one hump and very swift of motion.

Haldighat: this battle was fought on June 18th, 1576, and is known to Musalman historians as the battle of Khamnor, twenty-six miles north of Udaipur.

XIV

THE IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS

Thomas Babington Macaulay (1800-1859). English historian and essayist, who came to India in 1833, as legal adviser to the Supreme Council. Returning to England in 1838, he entered Parliament for the second time. His collected *Essays* in 1843 and his *History of*

England, 1848 and 1855, attained unprecedented success. Macaulay is noted for the clarity and vividness of his descriptions. He is regarded as one of the masters of English prose.

This passage is from Macaulay's essay on Warren Hastings. Macaulay's powers of graphic description are seen at their best in this passage. The impeachment of Warren Hastings is an event of interest to students of Indian history.

The great hall of William Rufus: Westminster Hall, built by William Rufus, William II of England (1087-1100)

Bacon: Lord Bacon, the English essayist.

Somers: John Somers (1651-1716), the Whig statesman, who was impeached in 1701.

Strafford: Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford (1593-1641), whose impeachment was given up. He was later executed.

Charles I: (1600-1649) the king of England whose trial took place in this hall.

Siddons: the famous actress of the time.

The historian of the Roman Empire: Edward Gibbon, the author of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.

Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres: a Roman Governor of Sicily was accused before the Senate by Cicero of misgovernment of the island.

Tacitus: (A.D. 55-117) Roman historian and statesman.

Oppressor of Africa: Marius Priscus, a Roman pro-Consul.

the greatest painter: Sir Joshua Reynolds, the famous painter of portraits.

the greatest scholar: Samuel Parr, who was also a famous schoolmaster.

To whom the heir . . . faith: Mrs Fitzherbert, a Catholic lady of great beauty, with whom George IV had gone through a secret marriage ceremony.

Saint Cecilia: the patron saint of music. The reference here is to Mrs Montagu, the lady who, about 1750, founded the "Blue Stocking Society", a group of women having or affecting literary tastes and learning.

'*Mens aequa in arduis*': a mind calm in difficulties.

Fox and Sheridan: the former (1749-1806) was an eminent statesman, while the latter (1751-1816) won a great reputation as both a dramatist and an orator, though it is as a dramatist that he is remembered.

Demosthenes and Hyperides: famous Greek orators.

XV

JOHNSON AT SCHOOL

Probably the best-loved of all English biographies is that of Doctor Samuel Johnson (1709-1784), written by his admirer, James Boswell, and first published in 1791. Johnson was the outstanding editor, essayist, critic and pamphleteer of his day, large in bulk, vigorous in conversation, eccentric in behaviour, and thus an entertaining subject for any biographer. He was the son of a Lichfield bookseller, and after the education described here, went for some time to the University of Oxford. He left without taking a degree, on account of his father's death, practised for some years as a schoolmaster, and finally came to London and entered seriously on his literary career. He was later honoured by his University, which conferred upon him in 1775 the honorary degree of Doctor in Civil Law.

Mr. Langton: Bennet Langton was a friend of Johnson, and one of the original members of The Literary Club which Johnson helped to found.

gets his risk: runs the risk of whipping.

Mr. Hector: Johnson's school-fellow, who later became a doctor and settled in Birmingham.

Petrarch . . . one of the restorers of learning: an Italian poet of the fourteenth century, who once again directed the attention of his countrymen to the learning of ancient Greece and Rome. His life marks the beginning of the European Renaissance. The young Johnson is, presumably, reading an English translation of one of his works.

Anacreon: an ancient Greek poet who wrote many lyrics in honour of wine and love. Many of the poems attributed to him are by other authors.

Hesiod: an earlier Greek poet who wrote on the genealogy of the gods and on agriculture.

Dr. Taylor: another of Johnson's school fellows, who became a clergyman with a living at Ashbourne in Derbyshire, where Johnson visited him. It is said that Johnson sometimes wrote Taylor's sermons for him.

commoner: at some English universities, an undergraduate who pays for his *commons*, or food supplied from the common kitchen. In the case of scholarship-holders, the charges are met out of the scholarship.

Macrobius: a Roman grammarian and philosopher of the early fifth century, an out-of-the-way author for the young Johnson to have studied.

the Whole Duty of Man: a devotional work first published in 1658 and popular for over a century. Its author is unknown.

wanted reparation: wanted repairs.

Law's Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life: another devotional work published in 1729, while Johnson was an undergraduate. It is regarded as one of the classics of Christian devotion.

Homer and Euripides . . . Epigram: Homer was the ancient Greek poet to whom the epics of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* are attributed. Euripides was a tragic dramatist. Epigrams are short witty poems or sayings.

Dr. Adam Smith: the author of the *Wealth of Nations*, published in 1776, during Johnson's lifetime.

Virgil: a Roman poet of the first century B.C., whose epic poem, the *Aeneid*, tells the story of the foundation of the Roman nation by Aeneas, and whose *Georgics* are poems about agriculture. The Greek word *georgos* means *farmer* and is the root of the English name *George*.

Ovid: another Roman poet of about the same date, whose *Metamorphoses* tells the stories of the changes of shape undergone by many personages in Greek and Roman mythology.

Theocritus: a Greek poet living in Sicily in the third century B.C.

Juvenal: a Roman satirist whose sixteen satires denounced the vices of society at the turn of the first century A.D.

Jacobite: James II was exiled in 1688. Thereafter there were many attempts to restore him and later his son, James Edward, to the English throne. *James* in its Latin form is *Jacobus*, originally from the Hebrew *Jacob*. Supporters of such attempts were, therefore, called *Jacobites*.

an Athenian blockhead: Oxford was often humorously referred to as the Athens of England. Johnson feels that a blockhead from Oxford who does not know when to keep quiet, or mind his own business, is a blockhead indeed.

XVI

THE LADY OF SCUTARI

This account of Florence Nightingale, the acknowledged founder of modern nursing, is taken from a group of biographies by G. Lytton Strachey published in 1918 and called *Eminent Victorians*. Its author, while quite unable to take away from the greatness of Florence Nightingale, is prepared to mention quite frankly that she had domineering ways and a sharp tongue. He set a new fashion in biography, which had previously tended to mere hero-worship.

The background of Florence Nightingale's best-known labours was the Crimean war, fought in the middle of the nineteenth century between Russia on the one side and Turkey, supported by the western European powers, on the other. Largely through the influence of Sidney Herbert, a member of the Cabinet who already knew Florence Nightingale and believed in her capacity, she was asked to take out a party of nurses to Scutari and place herself and them at the disposal of the Army Medical Authorities.

Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch'entrate: abandon all hope, you who enter. These words are written above the entrance to Hell in the *Divine Comedy* written by the Italian poet, Dante (1265-1321).

'*the Bird*': an allusion to the name Nightingale.

the official 'Purveyor . . . without a Board': the official provider or distributor could not issue the goods for use until given authority to do so by some committee or board.

'*had that in it . . . call master*': cf. Shakespeare *King Lear*, Act 1, Scene 4, line 30.

XVII

AT SCHOOL

Mahatma Gandhi's name is on every Indian schoolboy's lips, and every schoolboy knows about his life of service and sacrifice for his country, but his *Autobiography* is not often read by boys. Yet it is one of the great books of all time, for in it we have a record of Gandhiji's striving after perfection in thought, word and deed.

Mahatma Gandhi's style is inimitable. He gives expression to his ideas in a most straightforward manner and in simple English. The style in fact is typical of the man; for Gandhiji's sincerity and frankness are reflected in his writings.

Porbandar: an ancient coastal town, capital of the State of Porbandar.

Rajkot: a small town and capital of the State of Rajkot.

Shravana: a legendary figure who stands as the supreme embodiment of devotion to one's parents. He sacrificed his life in serving his blind father.

itinerant: travelling from place to place.

Concertina: portable musical wind instrument furnished with a bellows worked by the hands, the notes of which are produced by fingering keys.

Harish Chander: in Hindu mythology, he stands as an exemplar of truth, justice and charity.

XVIII

CHILDHOOD

W. H. Davies (1871-1940) was born, as he tells us, at Newport in the county of Monmouthshire in Wales. He holds a secure place among the minor British poets of the early twentieth century. His career was extraordinary, for at the age of twenty-four he went to America and for the next twelve years or so lived as a tramp and beggar, occasionally working on farms, jumping trains, travelling backwards and forwards between America and England in cattle boats. During this period he once fell from a moving train and injured his right leg, so that it had to be amputated at the knee.

Having collected a little money he now printed his first collection

of poems, sending a copy to George Bernard Shaw, with the request that he should either send half-a-crown or return the book. Shaw was delighted with the poet's directness, and with his poetry. He introduced him to other writers, who encouraged Davies to tell the story of his life. The result was *The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp.* In the first chapter we see an ancestry and a youthful waywardness that fore-shadowed the long years of travel and tramping. After the publication of the *Autobiography* Davies seems to have settled down to a quiet literary life in the country on the borders of England and his native Wales.

thirty-five years ago: on April 20th, 1871.

public house: a house where any member of the public can ask to be served with food and drink. Owing to more frequent requests for the latter, public houses are usually associated with intoxicating drink, but even now many of them serve the best food available in England, especially in small country towns. These public houses often prefer to call themselves hotels. The public house where Davies was born was perhaps near the Church, and so called the *Church House*.

my grandfather: Francis Davies, the father of the poet's father.

from beat to beat: a beat is the journey round a particular district made by the policeman on duty, perhaps connected with the beat of his footsteps on the road. Thence it has come to mean the district itself. Here the meaning is that one policeman took the Captain so far, and then entrusted him to the policeman on duty in the next district. It seems that the Captain had been celebrating his success with the *Welsh Prince* by drinking, was intoxicated and so needed assistance on his way.

'*following the leader*': a children's game in which every step and movement of the leader is to be imitated by the line of children following behind.

it was our wont: it was our custom.

My girl, Maggie: my girl friend, Margaret.

'*You dare!*': if you dare to do this, there will be trouble.

hurricane deck: a light upper deck.

'*Avast there, Lydia*': *avast* is a naval term, probably originally *hold fast* or firm. Here the Captain is telling his wife, Lydia, to keep still and quiet.

Dave: an abbreviated for[illegible]id.

XIX

THROUGH THE DESERT

Alexander William Kinglake (1809-1891) is the author of a lengthy history of the Crimean War and of *Eothen*, which was published in 1844, a charming account of his travels in the lands surrounding the eastern end of the Mediterranean. The title of the book is a Greek word meaning *from the early dawn* or *from the East*. Its author tells us that his book is merely one of personal experiences and impressions. He says in his Preface, "From all historical and scientific illustrations—from all useful statistics—from all political disquisitions—and from all good moral reflections, the volume is thoroughly free. Herein lies the charm of the book.

After a visit to Palestine, Kinglake set out from Gaza to cross the Desert to Cairo with four camels, one for himself, one for luggage and two for his servants The four Arabs, who owned the camels and guided the party, travelled on foot. Among other things they carried with them bread and wine bought from a convent in Jerusalem, two goat-skins filled with water, tea, sugar a cold tongue and a jar of Irish butter It was hoped to reach Cairo in ten days

Mysseri. Kinglake's faithful attendant throughout his travels, acting as guide, interpreter and, as Kinglake says "the brain of our corps".

samely. an uncommon word meaning *monotonous*.

the little kettle with her odd old-maidish looks the kettle reminds Kinglake of the peaceful domestic fireside of some elderly unmarried lady who is preparing tea in faraway England

listed: liked

starving Ireland during the nineteenth century there were several failures of the potato crop in Ireland, that in 1845 being particularly memorable

XX

FEISAL

Thomas Edward Lawrence (1888-1935), one of the most enigmatic figures of modern times, was popularly known as 'Lawrence of

Arabia'. He specialised in Oriental languages at Oxford, was interested in archaeology, and travelled much in Syria and Iraq. In the first World War he helped in provoking the Arab rebellion against the Turks, and he became famous as a wrecker of Turkish railway trains. He was prominent at the Peace Conference of 1919, but was disappointed in the treatment of the Arabs by the Allies. He gave up his rank in the Army, and enlisted in the Air Force under the name of Shaw. He was killed in a motor cycle accident in 1935. *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, his story of the Arab War, caused a sensation when it was published. The following extract is taken from that book. Lawrence wrote remarkably good English prose, simple, chiselled and unadorned.

Some Englishmen had believed that a rebellion of Arabs against Turks would enable England to defeat Turkey, and so an Arab rebellion was encouraged. At first it was not successful; then Lawrence came on the scene. He realised that its lack of success was due to faulty leadership, and he therefore decided to meet Feisal. He found in him the leader he needed. The passage tells us how Lawrence rode up-country and met Feisal for the first time.

Feisal: (1855-1933) with Lawrence's assistance, he prepared the way for the British Army in Palestine and Syria. Proclaimed King of Syria in 1920, but was deposed by the French. The British Government in 1921 made him King of Iraq.

Dhow: an Arab vessel used for commerce, piracy or slave-trading in the Arabian Sea or Indian Ocean.

Head: one of the streams in the upper part of a river-basin, which combine to form river.

Freshets: fresh-water streams flowing into the sea.

Premordial: original, primeval.

Wasta, Kharma, Tafas, Harma: villages on Lawrence's journey.

Rabegh: a small town on the western coast of Arabia, about a hundred miles north-west of Mecca.

XXI

THE ROOF OF THE WORLD

In September 1943 K. P. S. Menon went as Agent General of the Government of India to China. His journey to Chungking took eleven hours by plane from Calcutta. In August 1944 he was again in India and resolved to make the journey to Chungking by way of Kashmir and Sinkiang, partly on horseback, partly by car, and the last stage from Tihwa to Chungking by plane, the whole journey taking about four months. His travel diary *Delhi-Chungking* records his experiences and reflections. In the following passage Mr. Menon has just crossed the border into Sinkiang, after spending the coldest night of his life at Gulkhwaja on what he calls the Roof of the World.

Hindu Kush . . . Himalayas . . . Karakorams . . . Pamirs ranges of mountains in Afghanistan, northern India, northern Kashmir and Russian Turkestan respectively.

'The Castle', Fort Sandeman this residence, and the mention of Zhob later on, refer to Mr. Menon's period of service on the North West Frontier earlier in his career.

Parris, narrow paths carved out of the rock of the mountain sides.

As You Like It one of Shakespeare's comedies, set in woodland scenery.

Tamurlane a tragedy written by Marlowe a few years earlier, telling the story of Tamurlane (Timurlang, Tamberlaine, etc.)

Turki resident of Chinese Turkestan.

Kochin the Sinkiang dollar.

Three Empires India, Russia and China.

Caroe. Olaf Caroe, an Indian Government official with considerable experience of the North-West Frontier, who encouraged Mr. Menon to undertake his journey. He was later Governor of the N.-W. F. P.

Lord Curzon Viceroy of India 1898-1905. On his return to England he became Chancellor of the University of Oxford. The annual Romanes lecture on a scientific or literary subject was endowed by G. J. Romanes the biologist who died in 1894. Curzon's lecture was delivered in 1907, and subsequently printed.

Metcalfe Sir Aubrey Metcalfe, a former Foreign Secretary to the Government of India.

Ovis Poli: Marco Polo, the Venetian traveller of the thirteenth century, encountered a sheep in the locality remarkable for magnificently long curved horns. *Ovis* is the Latin word for *sheep*; *Poli* means *of Polo*. This remains its scientific name.

Cobb: Evelyn Cobb, then Political Agent in Gilgit.

Lord Wavell: Viceroy of India 1943-1947.

'*How awful goodness is*': cf. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Book 4, line 847.

Safdar Ali: one of Mr. Menon's fellow travellers.

The Jacksons: Major and Mrs. Jackson had been Mr. Menon's hosts in Gilgit.

Scarlett O'Hara: heroine of the novel *Gone With the Wind* by Margaret Mitchell, published in 1936.

XXII-XXIV

THREE ESSAYS IN POPULAR SCIENCE

There is in existence a considerable body of literature in which great scientists set out to explain in non-technical language the mysteries of their own subjects. The great Michael Faraday, for example, once lectured to an audience of children on *The Chemical History of a Candle*. Nowadays the radio is a common means by which we hear lectures and talks on such subjects. Here we give extracts from three sets of radio talks. Sir James Jeans (1877-1946), the mathematician and astronomer, takes us on a journey to the moon in a series of talks published in 1931 under the title of *The Stars in their Courses*. Julian Huxley, the biologist, speaks of the place of birds in the story of evolution, in the fourth of a group of talks broadcast in 1930 and published under the title of *Bird-Watching and Bird Behaviour*. Finally Professor C. V. Raman, the Nobel prizeman physicist, talks to us about the mysteries of light and colour. His talks were originally broadcast from Madras and later published under the title of *Aspects of Science* in 1948.

Arêtes: sharp ridges or edges of mountains.

Mount Huyghens: in 1651 Riccioli began to name the mountains of the moon after famous philosophers and astronomers. This custom has been continued. Huyghens, Bradley and Hadley are all seventeenth and eighteenth century astronomers.

Their libraries were indifferently furnished: a delightful understatement. Cowper means that they had no books.

The ancient gentlemen: those who attained great ages before the Flood.

Lord Dartmouth: an ex-Cabinet Minister, who had done much to foster higher education in America, and whose religious views harmonised with those of both Newton and Cowper.

Wm Cowper: William Cowper. Notice that the name is pronounced *Cooper*.

XXVI

TO MEREDITH

Robert Louis Stevenson, novelist, essayist and poet, was born in Scotland in 1850. He was adventurous in spirit but delicate in health. After travels in various parts of the world, he settled in Samoa in the South Sea Islands, where he died four years later, in 1894. He writes to George Meredith, a fellow novelist, to describe his home in Samoa. Once again we find a letter-writer saying how difficult it is to begin, and how much time has gone by since he last wrote. This letter, in contrast to Cowper's, is packed with information, containing a striking paragraph of self-revelation about the writer's health.

Tower of Babel: for the story of the building of this tower, and the accompanying theory of the origin of the world's languages, see *Genesis*, chapter 11, verse 1. From *Babel* the place-name comes *babel*, meaning *confusion*, especially *confused speech*; here confusion due to a foreign language.

Colvin: Sir Sidney Colvin, at the time of the letter Keeper of Prints and Drawings at the British Museum. Later he edited Stevenson's *Works* and his *Letters*, many of which are addressed to himself.

Catriona: a novel, sequel to *Kidnapped*, published by Stevenson in 1893, just about the time this letter was written.

The Amazing Marriage: a novel on which Meredith may have been working. It was not published until 1895, after Stevenson's death.

Gower Woodseer: a character in *The Amazing Marriage* based on Stevenson, who seems to know that it refers to himself.

XXVII

GETTYSBURG SPEECH

On July 4th, 1776, the famous American *Declaration of Independence* was signed and the War of Independence began. Years later war broke out between the northern and the southern States of America, largely over the question of slavery, which the southern States upheld. Abraham Lincoln was determined that the United States should remain united and that slavery should be gradually abolished. He was elected President in 1860, and continued in that office until his assassination in 1865 at the hands of an actor with a private grievance. It was during his time as President that, on November 19th, 1863, he made the famous Gettysburg Speech—it is said with little or no preparation—which contains the expression "Government of the people, by the people and for the people" that is nearly always quoted when democracy is discussed. It is a memorable tribute to men who died in a war designed to save the unity of a nation.

XXVIII

THE UNIVERSITIES HAVE MUCH TO TEACH US

Jawaharlal Nehru (1889-), Prime Minister of India, statesman and writer. He was educated at Harrow and Cambridge. He has been one of the great workers in the cause of Indian freedom, and has exercised a considerable influence on Indian affairs. He is a sagacious and sincere leader of men, and a distinguished writer and speaker. His writings, *An Autobiography*, *Glimpses of World History*, and *The Discovery of India* are known the world over.

This is *an extract from a speech delivered* at the special convocation of the Allahabad University, December 13th, 1947.

Humanism: any system of thought or action which is concerned with individual human interests, or with those of the human race in general.

Fascism: the doctrine by which the state is centred in one person who is the complete master. Originally it was an Italian nationalist movement founded by Mussolini in 1919.

Nazism: the doctrine of the Nationalist Socialist Party of Germany first organised by Adolf Hitler. It sought to revive the nationalist spirit of Germany. *Nazism* is the popular contraction of the German for *National Socialism*.